

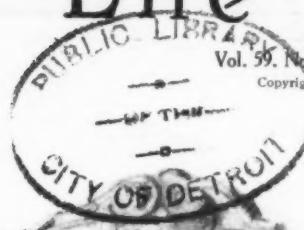
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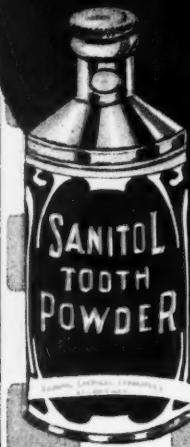
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WHOSE QUAKER?

*Consult
your dentist regularly-
always use*

SANITOL TOOTH POWDER or PASTE

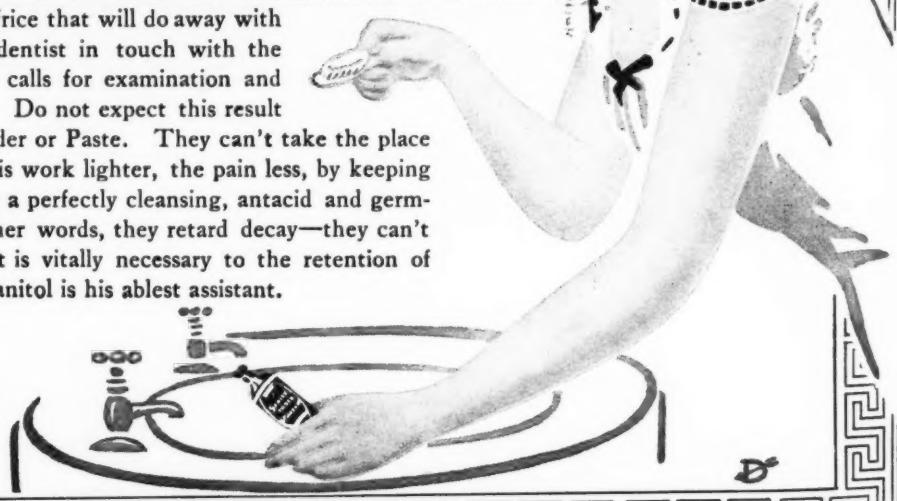


**Makes
white teeth
and a
pure mouth**

R If you expect to find *any* dentifrice that will do away with the necessity of keeping your dentist in touch with the health of your teeth by occasional calls for examination and "repairs," you are vitally mistaken. Do not expect this result from the use of Sanitol Tooth Powder or Paste. They can't take the place of your dentist but they will make his work lighter, the pain less, by keeping your teeth in the best condition that a perfectly cleansing, antacid and germicidal dentifrice possibly can. In other words, they retard decay—they can't cure it. So remember, your dentist is vitally necessary to the retention of perfect, sound and healthy teeth—Santol is his ablest assistant.

Trial Size Package
of Sanitol Tooth Powder or Paste, Face
Cream, Talcum Powder, Sanitol Liquid or
Shampoo sent free on receipt of your dealer's
name and address and 4 cents to pay postage
and packing.

Sanitol Chemical Laboratory Co.
St. Louis, Mo.





"30" Landaulet

Locomobile

Prices of Open Cars
\$3500 to \$4800

The "48" Six Cylinders.
The "38" Little Six.
The "30" Four Cylinders.

Prices of Closed Cars
\$4600 to \$6250

New York
Chicago
Boston
Philadelphia
Pittsburgh

The Locomobile Company
of America
Bridgeport, Conn.

Washington
Atlanta
San Francisco
Oakland





You Can't Have Too Much of a Good Thing

Have you ever been in love? Have you ever felt the soft, delicious thrill that comes when you find yourself a regular subscriber to LIFE? (Mentioning LIFE was a pure inadvertence here. Please forget it.)

Now, once a year we get out a Valentine Number—
To be original.

We get tired of the same old subjects, week after week, and in order to break the monotony, we are issuing this number dedicated to Love—whatever that is.

We are calling next week's number a Valentine Number, in order to strike a new note in Literature. It is an excruciatingly commonplace number, besides being extremely interesting.

It's a heart-beat extra. Sensational kissing episodes. Appalling statistics about hugging and squeezing now going on everywhere. Put this number under your pillow, and you will see in a vision your future wife's relatives.

On all News-stands
Tuesdays
Ten Cents



Recipe for Three Months of Happiness

Use a pair of ordinary scissors, a fountain pen (a plain one will do) and a dollar bill. Cut out the coupon, write your name and address on it, and address an envelope to LIFE. Insert the dollar, borrow a postage stamp from a trusted friend, and mail in the nearest post office box. In one week you will feel like a new man or woman—"as the case may be."

Enclosed
find One
Dollar (Can-
adian \$1.13,
Foreign \$1.26).
Send LIFE for
three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscrip-
tion renewed at this rate. This offer is net.

LIFE, 17 West 31, New York

ONE YEAR \$5.00. (CANADIAN \$5.52, FOREIGN \$6.04.)

Free Advertisement for Cruelty

Thanks to the Interstate Commerce provision of the Constitution and the silly vanity of women, the market for the feathers of the cruelly killed egret is still open.

In the State of New York there is a law making it a criminal offense to deal in these feathers. Pennsylvania, less advanced in humanity, permits the traffic.

New York women whose names appear in the Social Register have lately been circularized by a concern calling itself "The Universal Feather Co." of Philadelphia, offering to sell New York women as many aigrettes as they are willing to pay for. The money must be sent to Philadelphia and the shipment will be made from there so as to evade the law.

Come on, ladies. Help the Philadelphia concern make money. You will also assist in the starvation of the baby egrets.

GEORGE SELWYN, who belonged to the "smart set" of his day, when he heard that a butler of one of his friends had been sent to prison exclaimed: "Good God, what an idea of us that butler will give the convicts!"

Are You a Motion Picture Fan

Whether you are or not, you will find THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE interesting. If you are, you will find it fascinating.

In wealth of beautiful pictures, including the portraits of leading Motion Picture actors, its interesting stories of love, adventure and Western life, will make many a quiet evening at home pass quickly.

Have you seen a copy of this remarkable magazine? If your news-dealer hasn't it, send 15c. for a single copy. If you have read it and like it, why not subscribe and make sure of getting it regularly? Subscription rate \$1.50 per year. Just fill out attached coupon and mail.

The Motion Picture Story Magazine

26 Court St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

26 Court St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed find \$1.50 (Canada \$2.00, Foreign \$2.50) for which please send me The Motion Picture Story Magazine for one year beginning with the issue, 1912.

Name

Street

Town and State

The Columbia Phonograph Company (exclusively) presents:



1 David Bispham
 2 Lillian Nordica
 3 Alice Nielsen
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 5 Kitty Cheatham
 6 Reed Miller
 7 Xaver Scharwenka
 8 Ruth Vincent
 9 Margaret Keyes
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 11 Olive Fremstad
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 14 Jose Mardones
 15 Rosa Olitzka
 16 Carolina White
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 18 Alex Heinemann

SEVEN THOUSAND Columbia dealers are prepared to play for you any Double-Disc Record listed in our 200-page catalog, on any of the Columbia Graphophones or Grafonolas (\$17.50 to \$200). But

you must go to a
Columbia
dealer.



ONLY the Columbia dealer can supply you with records by these best known artists of the concert stage, and only a Columbia dealer can show you the Grafonola "Regent"—"the one incomparable musical instrument."

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Box 270 Tribune Bldg., New York Toronto, McKenna Bldg.
London: Earlsfield, S. W. Mexico City: 1. A. Calle de Lopez No. 7

No Assistance

GRITTY PIKES: It's a heartless world, pard. Think what a woman done when I asked her to give me something to keep body and soul together!

MUDGY LANES: Can't imagine.

GRITTY PIKES: She gimme a safety pin!—Chicago News.

"Does your fiancé know your age, Lotta?"
"Well—partly."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Shake Into Your Shoes



Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder for the feet. If you are a trifle sensitive about the size of your shoes, it's some satisfaction to know that many people can wear shoes a size smaller by shaking Allen's Foot-Ease into them. Just the thing for Dancing Parties, Patent Leather Shoes and for Breaking in New Shoes. When rubbers or overshoes become necessary and your shoes pinch, Allen's Foot-Ease gives instant relief. TRY IT TO-DAY. Sold everywhere 25c. Do not accept any substitute. Sent by mail for 25c. in stamps.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE sent by mail.
Address,
ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.

•LIFE•

Packard
"SIX"



Ask the man who owns one



L I F E

To the Giant Statue of William Penn

(On City Hall, Philadelphia)

THEE stands serenely, William Penn,
Upon thy City Hall,
And though thee blushest now and then,
Thee doth approve withal.
Thy legs are fat, thy Quaker hat
Defies the Schuylkill's rust.
I sometime think I see thee wink—
Thee dost, you bet thee dost!

Thee sometimes shew a puzzled face,
Beholding deeds of men;
For there is quite a little space
From Penrose back to Penn.
In offices beneath thy feet
Full many a deal has passed
Which thee hast heard but can't repeat—
Thee hast, sure Mike, thee hast!

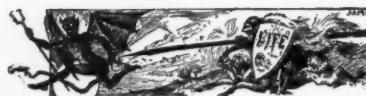
As on the dome, O Brazen Bill,
Thee dost defy the storm,
Art thee for Organization still,
Or hast thee turned Reform?
When Blankenberg received his boost
Did thee, Bill, standing pat,
Not almost tumble from thy roost?
Yea, Bill, thee near did that!

Thy sons must jar thy staid old nerve.
Scorning policemen's shouts
They whisk around the Broad Street curve
In racing runabouts.
And thee can look as stern and black
As any Quaker man
When Tony Biddle boxes Jack—
Thee can, indeed thee can!

O statue of Bill Penn, they say
Thee never speaks—but wait!
Last year, one fine September day,
Thee did ejaculate.
'Twas when thy dear Athletics bore
The Giants to the Grid,
Then thee did bellow, "What's the score?"
Thee did—now Bill!—thee did!

Wallace Irwin.

• LIFE •



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LIX. JANUARY 25, 1912. No. 1526

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York



DOUBTLESS a lay opinion on the details of the Monetary Commission's Currency bill is not so valuable as though it were that of a financial expert, but even a layman can read and listen and come to some conclusion about matters about which he would not be competent to lay down the law, and his conclusion is important, for it lies with laymen to pass on the findings of experts.

Our conclusion, humbly attained, about the new currency bill is, in the first place, that it is very sorely needed, and, in the second place, that it is the work of men well qualified to plan and draw it, working together to meet all reasonable objections and even prejudices, and devise a scheme that will benefit us all.

Bad money is bad, no matter who has it; bad for the rich and worse for the poor; bad for everyone except, sometimes, apparently, for some rascals, and bad really for them, because it helps them to cheat. So a bad currency system is bad for all people, rich or poor. It is weak machinery that breaks down when a pinch comes; it is a boiler that blows up under pressure for lack of safety valves. It embarrasses business when it is liveliest, and it facilitates panics.

Our present currency system, inherited from Civil War times and based on war measures, was never first rate and has long been outgrown. It is bad. It cramps business and makes us subject to panics, of which we have had a scandalous number as compared with other civilized and intelligent countries, and from which we have suffered very much, and would have suffered much worse but for the palliation of our troubles by improvised remedies. We

need a better system; it is high time we had it, and this bill of the Monetary Commission promises to give it to us.

There is nothing before the country more important than this bill. It has been prepared with great care; it should be considered with care in Congress. If there are defects in it, it is a public duty to point them out. Surely there is brains enough in Congress, both ordinary, sound layman-brains, and fiscal intelligence, to say if this Commission's bill is good or not, and to pass it if it is good.

If it is a good bill we want it, and want it badly. For our part, we believe it is a good bill, but that belief is largely matter of faith—of faith, not so much in Mr. Aldrich, its chief sponsor, as in the men we know, who, being qualified by training and character and concern for the interests of all the people, to pass on such a measure, have examined this one and pronounced it fit.



THE newspaper agitation over Colonel Roosevelt's political intentions is getting a bit tiresome. Perhaps the Colonel is tired of it himself, but if so, he used a means that was very imperfectly adapted to quell it when he expounded his real position to a large company of diners at the Aldine Club, and solemnly bound them all not to tell. There is no better way to set folks digging than to announce that you have buried a treasure, and tell them where to look for it. That was about what the Colonel did. He turned loose in New York some hundreds of men, each one of whom was believed to have buried in his consciousness what the newspapers are pleased to consider a treasure of news. The subsequent digging was pretty lively, but the findings have been small.

A great many people think, of course, that the Colonel is working his skilfullest to get the Republican nomination. Nobody can cure them of that conviction. For ourselves, we believe that he is sincerely averse to being a candidate again, and that he will not be nominated. But if we were in his boots and had a vociferous press

yelling at us to say that we would never, under any circumstances, be a candidate for President again, or serve if elected, so help us!—we wouldn't say it. It would not be a proper thing to say, especially if we had said it once already.



THE apparent excitement of some of the newspapers over the resignation of Ambassador Bacon was quite uncalled for. One journal had it that he was offended because he had not been consulted about the Peace treaty; another, that President Taft wanted his place. But there is no need of searching below the surface to find a motive for his resignation. On the whole, the most distinguished honor that can befall a Boston man is to be chosen a member of the Corporation of Harvard College. There are only five members besides the president and treasurer. They form a self-perpetuating body that is the chief depository of Harvard's government. In Boston estimation the Harvard Fellows easily outrank ambassadors. Ambassadors are more or less accidents. Fellows are the real thing, in so far as the mind of Massachusetts can detect it. Mr. Bacon is a Boston man. Of course, he let the ambassadorship go when it stood between him and a seat in the Harvard Corporation.



IT is to rejoice that Princeton has a new president, and one apparently well adapted to unite all her jealous factions. Dr. Hibben comes out of the V. H. C. class to win the blue ribbon. Everybody speaks well of him, and praises him with signs of affection.

Princeton had brains and talent in Dr. Wilson, and profited much by them, but she suffered some pretty hard jolts, and what she seems to need just now in her president's chair is a temperament, wise, tolerant and discerning, to hold fast and add to what she has that is good, without bursting her wide open to get rid of her defects.



THE YOUNG DREAMER
SHALL IT BE LUXURY OR TOIL?

The Kenyon Bill

A WORSE thing might happen than for Congress to pass such a law as the Kenyon bill calls for, to prohibit any interstate commerce carrier from bringing intoxicating fluids into Prohibition territory. If such a bill became law Prohibition might be able to prohibit, and that would probably beat Prohibition in most places and might compel the Prohibitionists to think out some better method of subduing alcohol. But Congress is not likely to pass a foolish bill of a prohibitory character, even for the purpose of getting rid of Prohibition. A bill that made it unlawful for an actual consumer to import a box of claret for use on his own table in a "dry" county, somewhere, would be foolish, and probably the Kenyon bill, which is described as a well-considered measure, does not aim to produce results as drastic as that. As it is, we understand, a very large liquor business is done in Prohibition States through express companies which bring in large shipments of intoxicants consigned to "John Doe," and deliver them to any applicant who will pay charges and take the goods. No doubt the Kenyon bill is aimed at that.

All Brothers

BRIGGS: I see they have brought it up against Cawthon that he used to work for the Standard Oil Company.

GRIGGS: How absurd! As if every true and patriotic American citizen were not doing the same thing.



THE NEW LIBERTY BELLE
(Philadelphia Style)



PROFESSIONAL IMMUNITY

(Beggar has approached clergyman, noticed his garb, apologized and shuffled on)
Clergyman: NOW, CONFFOUND THE FELLOW! WHY DID HE DO THAT?

Teaching the Colleges

WE are in receipt of a circular from the Intercollegiate Socialist Society, the object of which is "to promote an intelligent interest in Socialism among college men and women."

This unusual proceeding is wise in direct proportion as it is necessary. To promote an intelligent interest in anything among college men and women is good. To promote an intelligent interest in something that is with us here and now, as against dead languages, dead kings and dead legends, is better. Socialism is very much with us, and we hope the society's implication that the colleges have not yet found it out is unwarranted. If, however, the colleges are still in the dark as to this matter, then the Intercollegiate Socialist Society has a proper niche as a sort of supplementary faculty, with a supplementary curriculum.

HEAVEN is a consolation prize for the outcast of earth.

Life's Presidential Candidates

FOR the Presidency in 1912 we beg leave to offer the name of Mr. Oscar Hammerstein. We have never had an operatic impresario in this office, although the need for one has long been apparent. Mr. Hammerstein would be especially effective in international complications. He would know how to handle the Italian, Spanish, German, French and other volatile, operatic and temperamental legations with neatness and dispatch, and with an effectiveness far more thoroughgoing than the wildest dreams of The Hague Peace Conference. Mr. Hammerstein is the logical man for the place, even though he has temporarily expatriated himself. Nominate him by all means, and let us vary the monotony by having a singing, instead of a talking, campaign.

"HER children all went wrong, didn't they?"
 "Yes; married for love."

The Virtuous Philadelphia Husband

Held Up to the World by the Manager of the Husbands' Correspondence Bureau as a Perfect Specimen of Mankind—Possible Removal of Headquarters

WE have been considering for some time the advisability of moving our headquarters to Philadelphia, having been repeatedly urged to do this, not only by some of our leading customers, but also by the manager of our Entertainment Committee and the tall, handsome blonde, on the right as you enter.

The fact is, that so far as New York is concerned, we have practically exhausted everything there is here; and Philadelphia is so much more up-to-date and contains so many more varieties of amusement that we believe the result would be highly beneficial to all of our customers.

Then, again, the husbands of Philadelphia—taking them as a body—are with us heart and soul.

While our trade there has not been so large as we should desire, it is due to the fact that they have not needed us and not to the number of possibilities.

During the past four or five years we have had occasion to examine the Philadelphia husband with great interest and curiosity; and we are bound to state that, all things considered, he offers a model for the rest of mankind. In the morning he can be seen arising from his couch and quietly eating his breakfast without ostentation or friction, and proceeding to his office, where

he modestly works until the hour of noon has arrived. He then proceeds to his club, and after partaking of a cup of tea and a dish of ice cream, and playing possibly a game of casino with some kindred spirit, he goes back to his work, and six o'clock finds him home again in the bosom of his family.

The truth is that the Philadelphia husband is about one cycle beyond all the rest of mankind. He has practically solved the problem of human existence. It is largely a matter of temperament and environment—the exception proves the rule. The other day, for example, we received the following letter:

DEAR SIR:

I have lived in Philadelphia all my life, having been married for the last twenty years. Philadelphia has satisfied me, with possibly an occasional visit to Germantown. In the summer my wife goes to some summer resort, thereby raising the social tone of that establishment and making glad the heart of the proprietor. I have remained at home, quietly occupying myself with some of the best literature and taking a much needed rest from the cares of the winter. This year I determined to see the world, and so I came on to New York, and, after spending a few weeks there, I went on to Paris and Constantinople—also other places not necessary to mention. I regret to state that this journey has been a very disastrous one. When I got back I found that my wife was living in Reno, having apparently kept track of my movements as I journeyed about the world.

Can you suggest any method by which we can patch things up?

So far as I am concerned, I am through Philadelphia for me the rest of my life. But how can I reconcile her to the past?

Yours anxiously,

This is a very extraordinary case. The idea of anybody who has lived in Philadelphia all his life desiring to see the world is something so unusual that we have hesitated to pass an opinion until we can come in closer touch with the gentleman's environment.

We have, therefore, taken up a temporary residence in Philadelphia, and hope to report later more fully upon this subject.



"Philadelphia is so much more up-to-date"

We had some difficulty at first in securing a Philadelphia lady who would marry us (there seeming to be some prejudice against us), although we are bound to say that not only are we in the prime of life, but our circumstances have never been easier. It might be just as well to add, however, that we ourselves, as we grow older, become constantly more particular about the women we marry. Their age grows less as we add on years of our own. This is the only artistic and fundamentally accurate way to achieve a continuously joyful married career.

We have, as everybody knows, made some unfortunate mistakes in the past, due to unavoidable conditions; but we think we can say with entire confidence that our latest Philadelphia union looks good to us. It is true that the lady has had a very limited experience with those larger affairs of life at which we consider ourselves an expert. In other words, she is young, she is innocent and she is more than beautiful; and she also has a gentle and confiding nature. We believe that our large heart and our broad way of looking at things will make us worth all the confidence she imposes in us. And while at present we are inclined to adopt Philadelphia as our headquarters, we shall hope to persuade our spouse—in order to complete her



"We become constantly more particular"



THE FLOPERS CONVINCE THE CONSTABLE THAT FATHER IS EXCEEDING THE SPEED LIMIT

education and show how worthless the rest of the world is—to make frequent trips away from home; and it shall be our pleasure and our duty to point out to her some of the sights.

In the meantime, the fact that we shall probably move to Philadelphia need not discourage the large body of our customers who have come to rely upon our Entertainment Committee for amusement. We know whereof we speak when we state that Philadelphia offers—in a very unobtrusive manner—a much higher range of entertainment than any other place in the country. And any husband who wishes to be diverted while the process of curing him is going on need not hesitate to place himself in our hands. Our rates will be slightly higher, owing to the expense of moving, but it will be worth the difference.

Husbands' Correspondence Bureau.

It Would Be

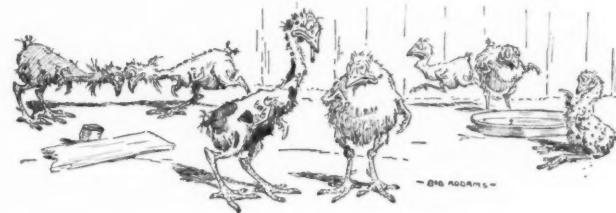
"ISN'T it a humiliating thing," asks Mr. Carnegie, "that this great, rich country of ours is the only civilized country in which money panics occur?"

If it were true, it would indeed be very humiliating. More humiliating than the fact that it is the only civilized country that hasn't a parcels post.

A Stitch in Time

WITHOUT defending the current pension bill, it may be said that pensions in some cases are an excellent economy. If we paid liberal pensions to our ex-Presidents, as has often been proposed, the public mind might at times be saved a vast deal of fruitless and unnecessary exercise.

ADVICE is something we seek during moments when we are strong enough not to require it.



"EVER BEEN IN PHILADELPHIA?"

"SURE; USED TO GO THERE EVERY SUMMER BEFORE I WAS HATCHED, BUT I DON'T REMEMBER MUCH ABOUT IT."



THE WORST PAIN THAT EVER WAS

• LIFE •



A COLORED CONTRIBUTION

Advantages of the Aldrich Plan

Written especially for LIFE by Prof. Art Bachelorum, financial expert.

I CANNOT hope to make the Aldrich Plan entirely clear. It is beyond the power of ordinary persons to understand its intricacies, but there are certain things which this great and beneficent scheme will accomplish.

In the first place, it must be remembered that the bankers are entirely unselfish in the matter. Although usually they figure their own profits down to the last fraction of a cent, in this case they desire nothing for themselves. Score one for Mr. Aldrich. They are thinking solely of the country, of the business men and particularly of the workingmen, both employed and unemployed.

It has been charged that the Aldrich Plan is scientific. This is an egregious mistake. It is more than scientific; it is magical. Heretofore, whenever the bankers were called upon to pay money which they did not have, they could not do it. Under the Aldrich Plan all this will be changed. No matter how reckless bankers may become, and no matter how sharply they may be called to account for their recklessness, the Aldrich Plan will stand staunchly behind them and enable them to pour forth money *ad lib.*, even if to the naked eye their vaults look as if they had been visited by a safe breaker with a vacuum cleaner.

In this way panics will be absolutely impossible. Everybody will get ex-

actly what is coming to him at all times, even though nobody understands just where it comes from.

The provision for giving the bankers control of the public funds is particularly wise and forethoughtful. Even the most amateur economist knows that the public should have no funds if it can possibly be avoided. A government that succeeds in accumulating anything but debts is a rank failure. Any professor of political economy knows this. Thus, the Aldrich Plan will prevent the Government from being a failure.

Lastly, the Aldrich Plan is so delicately and intricately devised, contrived and adjusted that no one in particular can get control of it. As soon as it is put into effect, the idolatry in which Mr. Morgan, for instance, is now held by the banking fraternity will disappear and he will become a mere individual with no influence whatsoever. Whatever he wants he will not get. I do not mean to say there would be any special advantage in this, but mention it merely to show what wonderful things the Aldrich Plan can do.

In a later article I hope to deal more at length with some of the detailed workings of this miraculous bit of financial expertness.

—
“I'D rather be wrong than be Vice-President.”

Let Justice Be Done

IFE is not bloodthirsty, but it believes that the execution of the “Reverend” Mr. Richeson should take place speedily. No criminal of modern times seems to combine in one personality so much that is vicious, depraved and vile. A cheat in his college days, always a liar, hypocrite and betrayer, he has crowned his career with a murder combining cupidity, cruelty and the cowardice of the poisoner.

There seems a danger that his ease in the use of religious terms may work on the sympathies of religious persons. Even in his confession there is evident an attempt to enlist their influence in securing a commutation of his sentence. The way in which he has used religion as an aid and a cloak for his villainies is the strongest reason why religionists should refuse again to be deceived by him. He used the same pious terms and displayed the same familiar fellowship with God both when, in his resignation as their pastor, he assured his congregation of his innocence, and when he confessed to poisoning the girl who had trusted him so that he might marry another girl with more money.

That his confession saves the State of Massachusetts the cost of a trial is urged as a reason for commutation. God help that Commonwealth if saving money is to defeat its justice.

Richeson should be removed from this world, and that speedily.



A FELLOW THAT HATH HAD LOSSES, AND ONE THAT HATH TWO
GOWNS AND EVERYTHING HANDSOME ABOUT HIM

—*Much Ado About Nothing.*

The Founding of Philadelphia

WILLIAM PENN jumped lightly from his magnificent six-cylinder, forty horse-power stage coach, his companions following with agility.

"Upon this spot," said he, striking an attitude, "I shall plant the City of Brotherly Love. It is the ideal place for a quiet, easy-going, slumberous metropolis."

His companions scanned the landscape with doubtful interest. Although they were standing on the banks of the Delaware, they knew that the Schuylkill was near at hand, as its questionable odors, wafted on the breeze, reached their nostrils.

"Here," he continued, "we may withdraw from the madding crowd and be at peace." Some of the more lively of his companions looked a bit crest-fallen. Noticing this, Mr. Penn hastily drew a long roll of parchment from his pocket.

"But, look!" he exclaimed. "Examine the map more closely. You can see that, while we are not of the world, we are still in it. Give ear. We are bounded on the north by New York. How does that strike you? Think of the Great White Way which can be reached in two hours by either the Pennsylvania or the Reading. Think of the opportunities New York offers for an occasional day off." The crestfallen ones became a little less sad.

"Look again!" he went on with increasing enthusiasm. "We are bounded on the west by Pittsburgh; far enough away to escape the dreadful pall of smoke, but near enough to bask in the glory of those most companionable Pittsburgh millionaires of whom you have heard so much; those millionaires with their kaleidoscopic households and their pompous *camaraderie*. There will be a continuous stream of them passing through Broad Street Station, and when attacked by ennui, there will be no difficulty in getting up a merry party on short notice." His companions showed plainly that they were beginning to catch the fever of his enthusiasm.

"I bid you look at the map once more," he proceeded confidently. "See. We are bounded on the south by Washington—Washington the city of magnificent distances and magnificenter grafts. We will be away from its wire-

pulling, its petty jealousies and its highly artificial atmosphere, but near enough so that our politicians can ever be within call, and can keep a large share of control over the plums that patriots shake from the nation's tree. This is the very place for politicians—just far enough away to avoid suspicion." He glanced at his companions and perceived that the force of his argument was not lost upon them.

"And now look once more!" he bade them. "But make it short, for most of you are still too young and should avoid temptation. See. We are bounded on the east by Atlantic City. Only sixty minutes. Ah, divine Atlantic City, with its coastwise beach and its world-wise denizens. Here, throughout the seasons, are congregated and concentrated all the real and apparent beauty and all the civilized follies of the nation. What more could we ask?"

He looked up at his companions and saw that they were all in the seventh heaven of delight. Whereupon he lost no time in clinching the matter.

"Are you ready for the vote?" he queried.

"Yes, yes," they all cried.

"Very well. All those in favor of this site for the city of Philadelphia signify by the usual sign."

"Aye," they all loudly bawled. Whereupon he laid out Chestnut street at once and proclaimed that all blue-blooded people should

live south of this street and all others north of it.

Ellis O. Jones.

A Sequel to Chicago Dry Goods

Mrs. Drummond said that it was the height of her ambition to spend a million dollars over the English coronation.—*Review of 1911 in the Evening Sun.*

THAT must be the Mrs. Drummond who is the remarkable daughter-in-law of the late Marshall Field, who worked so long and hard and successfully, and probably died unaware of what Horace meant by *Sic vos non vobis.*

EVERY little auto has an odor all its own.



THE BREADWINNERS.

• LIFE •

Talks With Great People

Lillian Russell

THE most remarkable woman of the present day and generation—if not of any day or any generation—was waiting for us as we walked upstairs.

"No," we replied, "we haven't come to marry you. We've just come to find out the secret of your marvelous youth. How do you preserve yourself?"

Lillian smiled.

"Long ago I adopted as my guide—'Eternal vigilance is the price of beauty.' I have never deviated from that rule since."

"You must spend most of your time in taking care of yourself. What a delightful occupation!"

"Yes, I do. It isn't necessary, you know, to be a great actress, as long as you are beautiful and have a stage presence."

"And your marriages?"

"Have all helped in a way."

She led us into her library, and sat us down on an old-gold couch.

"I'm going to tell you," she said, "the secret of success on the stage. Very few women have succeeded in rising beyond the consciousness of their own personality. I have done this. I have the usual craze for admiration; but with it all I have succeeded in becoming more or less of a philosopher."

"We understand very well what you mean," we said. "Simply this; no matter where you are you are always the thing known as a 'good sport.'"

"Well, I suppose that expresses it about as well as anything," said Lillian. "Now you must run along, as I have



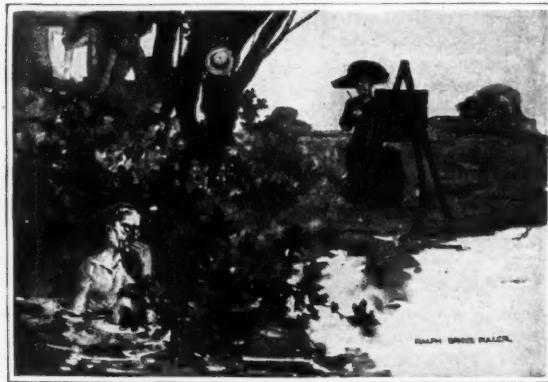
"What a delightful occupation!"

a hair-dresser, a masseuse, a manicure, an electric vibrator, a dermatologist and a prize-fighter coming to put me in shape for this evening."

So saying, we departed, with the consciousness more firmly than ever implanted in our mind, that there is no royal road to beauty.

The Spectrum of Civilization

Red Lights.	White Slaves.
Blue Laws.	Black Belt.
Yellow Peril.	Pink Sheet.
Brown Stone Fronts.	



ART IS LONG

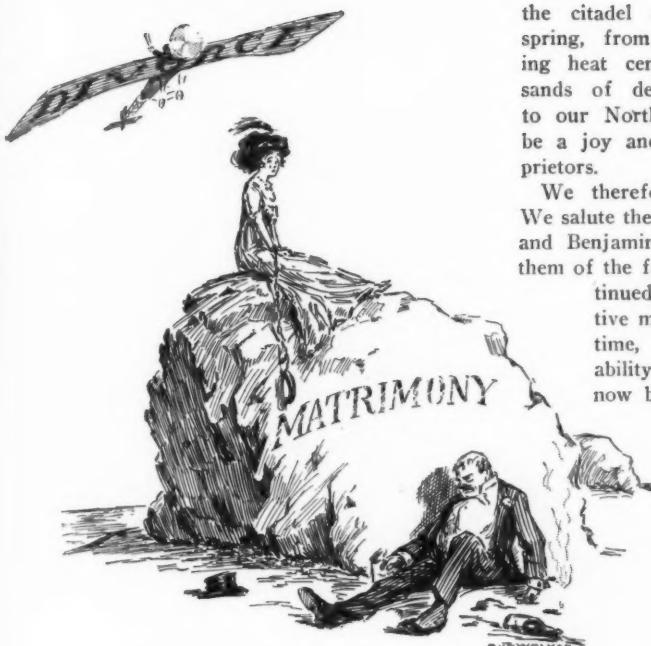
Philadelphia

PHILADELPHIA, so far as we have been able to ascertain from careful scientific research, was founded about the year 1890 by Edward Bok, who started a home for indigent intellects, this idea being so much respected that it has since spread over the principal religious areas of the United States.

Before Bok, the history of Philadelphia is somewhat scattered and unreliable. One time the place was peopled by roving bands of Indians, who had a very annoying habit of dissecting visitors whom they had not met socially. The great trouble seems to have been that those people who came across the water were not equipped with letters of introduction from reliable parties on the other side; and the Indians, not being able to establish proper identification, refused to open any account with them.

There was, however, a man named Franklin, who, by hard work and industry and a certain crude ability, paved the way for Bok. It is to the undying credit of Benjamin Franklin that he made the *Ladies' Home Journal* possible.

His inventions—for example, the printing press, the



PERSEUS AND ANDROMEDA

stove, the almanac and advice—enable the *Ladies' Home Journal* to continue the grand work of civilization, so that now we live in ease and comfort.

Philadelphia has been termed slow by some misguided critics. As a matter of fact, Philadelphia is the only place in this country in advance of everything else. And its reputation for slowness has really been a premeditated sort of advertising dodge in order to conceal its real progressiveness from the rest of us.

The best cooking comes from Philadelphia, and Philadelphia society still remains immune to certain deterrent influences which are much more apparent elsewhere.

Philadelphia also has a system of mirrors in front of the windows of its homes, which enables people inside to know everything that is going on outside.

Its plays, with occasional trivial exceptions, are only those plays which have been tried out in New York or other places.

In fact, Philadelphia lies in another much more advanced circle. It is the home of advertising, the originator of almanacs, the crypt of old jokes and

the citadel of blue blood. Every spring, from its rapidly accumulating heat centers, issue forth thousands of desirable people who go to our Northern summer resorts to be a joy and a profit to their proprietors.

We therefore salute Philadelphia. We salute the shades of William Penn and Benjamin Franklin. We inform them of the fact that if they had continued their crude and primitive methods up to the present time, each one of them, by ability and industry, might now be running his own special department in the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

EVERYTHING comes to him who waits, I suppose," said the restaurant diner patiently.

"Yes, suh," answered the colored waiter, "but the gentleman what won't wait done gets his first."

NOTHING succeeds like the transgressor.

"**I**T isn't my fault," said the Patent Medicine Advertisement to the Doctor's Sign that hung near the billboard. "You need not blame me if your business is small. Of course, I lie. I can't deny that to you. But, what of it? I keep my firm busy. It isn't my business to consider your interests."

"But the people," said the Doctor's Sign, "have you no regard for them?"

"Certainly," the Patent Medicine Advertisement replied, "as long as they believe me I do for them just what I promise. So I don't lie to them."

"But to me?" said the Doctor's Sign.

"Well, yes, I admit that I lie to you. But the people don't believe you when you tell them so. Better keep your knowledge of me to yourself and spend your time looking about you for some way to inspire more faith. I'll tell you privately" (the voice of the Patent Medicine Advertisement sank to a whisper), "that's our whole game."

Ada J. Miller.

WISE men change their minds if they grow wiser.



QUAKERS



Saint Peter: "GO 'ROUND TO THE SIDE DOOR, FELLERS"

Growing Greater

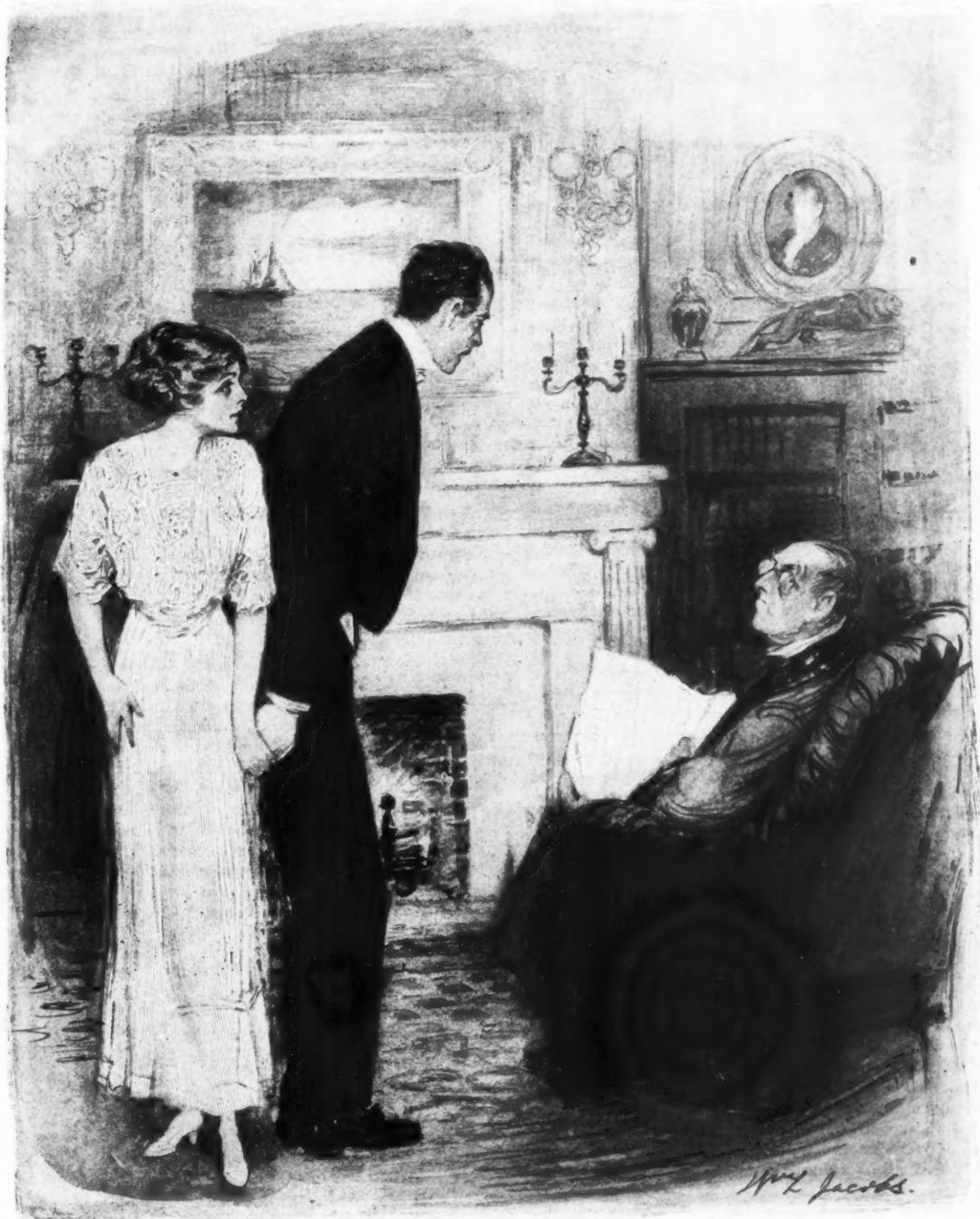
THERE is going to be a "Greater Philadelphia." The newspapers say so, and local orators dwell long and lovingly upon the imposing phrase. As yet no definite plan of progress—save the suggestion of an increased tax rate—has been mapped out. Philadelphia cannot follow the example of New York, which grew surpassingly great by the simple process of annexing a sister city, nearly as big as itself; and, though the annexed one appears to the uninitiated as aloof as if it were in the heart of Asia Minor, the "greaterness" of New York has been forever insured by the transaction. Philadelphia's only neighbor, however, lives in another State and thanks Heaven daily for the circumstance. The expedient of annexing the open country has been already accomplished on so vast a scale that the Quaker City bids fair to become an agricultural metropolis; but it is hard to grow great along these lines. Farming is not, all things considered, an urban occupation.

The late Mayor of Philadelphia, having a taste for the florid and ornate, believed in "the city beautiful." To

christen a street a "boulevard," locally pronounced "bully-vard," to erect pergolas along a dismal highway, to dump statues in the park and to encourage the kind of parade which is grandiloquently called a pageant, seemed in his eyes the avenues to greatness. But an old and self-respecting American city does not lightly lend itself to the picturesque. Prank it with pergolas, spot it with statues, it cannot be brought to resemble Amalfi or Athens. It merely loses some portion of its native dignity, some hard-won element of distinction.

Perhaps a process of elimination might now be in order. Philadelphia is rich in possessions with which it can well afford to part. What it needs, what most American cities sorely need, is a "Society for Doing Without," a strong society, steeled to resist the open-handed generosity of the tax-spender. To pay a heavy price for what we don't want may be one way of growing great; but to refuse what isn't worth having is one way—a commendable way—of staying good.

Agnes Repplier.



BACKING HIM FOR ALL SHE'S WORTH



The Dramatically Eternal Feminine



THE TALKER" is the wrongly suggestive title of a play which, from its clever dealing with social matters that are just now very much to the front, bids fair to reach an unusually large public. It is a microscopic and humorous view of problems that face a good many young couples embarking on the troublous seas of modern matrimony. Making headway towards happiness was hard enough when only material obstacles stood in the course. "The Talker" joins to these the later-day complications that arise from the efforts of discontented or disappointed women to supply their more fortunate sisters with imaginary grievances.

In "The Talker" the heroine learns her lesson, but at a serious cost, shown in the minor plot, which furnishes the tragic note to a drama which is largely comedy. An unusually original plot, clever writing and good staging give to a homely story a strong dramatic interest. It would be less effective if its humor and its seriousness were not so admirably balanced.

Mr. Tully Marshall, whose wife, under the name of Marion Fairfax, wrote the play, has the leading part and confirms the impression of unusual artistic ability he gave in "Paid in Full" and "The City." Of the younger men on our stage he gives the best promise of becoming what we greatly need—a competent actor-manager. The cast is a good one, with the weight of ability on the male side.

"The Talker" is both amusing and interesting. Unfortunately the women who ought to profit most by seeing it are more deeply interested in the dissections of Ibsen and the remote problems set out in the sex dramas of other foreign authors.

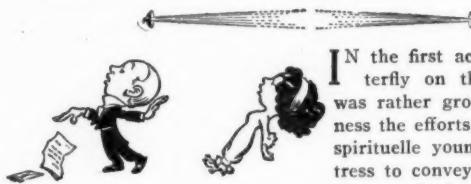


MME. SIMONE, in her third effort to interest the American public, displays her conventional French methods in a wordy drama called "The Return from Jerusalem." In this play the author superimposes on the usual French triangle a discussion of the Semitic question, pro and con. The principal truth advanced and not denied is that, wherever in the wide world he may be, the Jew is an individualist and never a patriot. The inference is that the Jew is a Socialist because Socialism means advantage to the individual at the expense of the nation.

In the part of the Jewess, who has made matrimonial experiments outside of her race but returns to it on the theory of the call of the wild, Mme. Simone gives a more elaborate exposition than in her former rôles of the unconvincing quality of her impersonation. She has more to do, but does it in

the same way, conveying the impression of expert artificiality, but never of the art that makes the counterfeit seem the reality. Mr. Arnold Daly gained in his portrayal of the husband of this racial exhibit by playing his rôle in a spirit of repression.

Paris uses a different standard from ours in judging its stage artists. It is amusing to see Americans trying to adjust themselves to the French measure in the case of Mme. Simone.



IN the first act of "A Butterfly on the Wheel," it was rather grotesque to witness the efforts of a not very spirituelle young English actress to convey the idea that she was the butterfly in question.

British butterflies must be heavier of foot and clumsier in flight than ours, if what Miss Titheradge did in that first act gives any idea how an English butterfly displays its temperament. In the trial scene, which is the distinguishing feature of a not otherwise remarkable triangle play, Miss Titheradge did a really convincing bit of work in her display of nervous ingenuousness, culminating in an emotional breakdown. Here the honors were shared by Mr. Sidney Valentine as a cross-examining British barrister.

As played by the London company Mr. Lewis Waller has imported for the purpose, "A Butterfly on the Wheel" supplies an agreeable rendering of a fairly interesting stage commentary on how English scandals are handled in polite society and open court.

THE sex question ranks among the most important ones in real life, but according to the dramatists it seems to be the only one. We have it dished up again, very elaborately, in "The Right to Happiness," the second effort of Mr. Wilton Lackaye's players at the Bijou. In France the young girl is an unusual factor in the drama, but in this case she is introduced to turn the customary triangle into a quadrilateral. She is the husband's employee and the object of his legitimate affection. The plot teeters on his honorable intention to make his wife and her lover marry each other before he carries out his own matrimonial plans. The author has introduced so many complications due to conflicting interests and emotions



IN FRANCE—THE EDITORIAL "OUI"

that the piece seems full of unnecessary repetitions. It spins its story out to wearisome length, which is not mitigated by the slow tempo of Mr. Lackaye and his fellow artists. Even Mr. Abraham Erlanger, with his sole knowledge of stage direction embodied in "Faster! Faster!" might improve this performance.

MR. EDDIE FOY gets back to Broadway as the star comedian of a musical farce based on "The Man from Mexico." It is now called "Over the River," and scores over most musical shows by utilizing a formerly successful play of which Mr. William Collier was the comedian. Mr. John L. Golden has embroidered on it a tuneful score with full allowance of rag-time and turkey-trot; it is well spangled with chorus girls, and Mr. Foy's quaint methods of laugh-producing have good scope.

"Over the River" is a cheer-up of unusual potency.

PENDING international complications concerning the possibility of keeping Mlle. Gaby Deslys in this country and out of the society of various foreign powers and potentates, the Winter Garden has enlisted the services of Mr. Mikhail Mordkin and Lydia Lopoukowa to swell its already big bill of vaudeville. They are assisted by another lady with an unpronounceable Russian name, but without the support of a *corps de ballet* their efforts seem rather slim entertainment. The dancing of Lopoukowa is as fairy-like as ever, but the infantile smile which was such a charm at first is beginning to pall. She uses it constantly and one at times wishes she would let her features rest. But the whole show is a good one.

IS the Second Assistant Janitor of the Morgue responsible for the safety of the theatregoing public against fire and panic?

If not, who is?

Metcalfe.

CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

Astor—"The Red Widow," with Mr. Raymond Hitchcock as the star and comedian of an amusing musical show.

Belasco—"The Return of Peter Grimm." Interesting spiritualistic drama, with Mr. David Warfield as the star.



Miss Omaha: AUNTIE, BROTHER AND I ARE AWFULLY SORRY YOU CAN'T GO TO THE PLAY WITH US, BUT—

Auntie Philadelphia: BUT, MY dears! I DO NOT APPROVE OF YOUR GOING UNCHAPERONED; HOW WILL ANYONE know YOU ARE BROTHER AND SISTER?

Bijou—Mr. Wilton Lackaye and his repertory company in "The Right to Happiness." See above.

Broadway—"The Wedding Trip." Comic opera, tuneful and well sung.

Casino—"Sumurun." Notice later.

Century—"The Garden of Allah." Mr. Hichens's well-known novel the basis of a spectacular presentation of Saharan scenes.

Cohan—"The Little Millionaire." Musical show of the usual Cohan brand, funny in spots and of course free from refinement.

Comedy—"Bunty Pulls the Strings." Scotch, but funny and very well acted.

Criterion—"White Magic," with Gertrude Elliott. Notice later.

Daly's—"The Rose of Panama." Notice later.

Empire—"The Witness for the Defense," with Ethel Barrymore as the star. Moderately interesting English society play based on a murder mystery.

Fulton—Mr. William Collier in "Take My Advice." Slight comedy with Mr. Collier's fun the main attraction.

Gaiety—Elsie Ferguson as *Dolly Madison* in "The First Lady in the Land." Clever and interesting American historical comedy.

Garrick—"The Senator Keeps House." Mr. William H. Crane in comedy of Washington life.

Globe—Mr. Eddie Foy in "Over the River." See above.

Harris—"The Talker." See above.

Herald Square—"The Million." Not high browed, but very funny French farce. See above.

Hippodrome—"Around the World." A series of world pictures, with ballet and water spectacle.

Hudson—Mme. Simone in "The Return from Jerusalem." See above.

Knickerbocker—"Kismet." Stunning Oriental spectacle and novel drama, with Mr. Otis Skinner's admirable acting.

Lyceum—Last week of "The Mariettes." Nazimova's quaint personality in comedy treatment of the eternal French triangle.

Lyric—"Little Boy Blue." Entertaining and well staged musical show.

Maxine Elliott's—"The Bird of Paradise." Unusual and interesting spectacular drama of life in Hawaii.

Park—"The Quaker Girl." Dainty and tuneful musical show of the London type.

Playhouse—"Bought and Paid For." Strong play of the present abounding in fun and contrast.

Republic—"The Woman." Interest compelling play, well staged and vividly depicting methods of Washington politicians.

Thirty-ninth Street—"A Butterfly on the Wheel." See above.

Wallack's—"Disraeli." Charming play of the Victorian era, with Mr. Arliss's excellent portrayal of the title part.

Winter Garden—Russian ballet and Annette Kellermann heading a big bill of diverting vaudeville and extravaganza.

LIFE



You May Believe

LIFE.



May Believe It Or Not

The Wearing of the Green

IT happened last season. And it may have been either an oversight or an inspiration. But it was at least a fact, for I have the document in my possession. The learned compiler of one of those text-book concert-programmes furnished in Symphilmonic circles for the guidance of patrons' imaginations, closed a page-long list of instructions as to the scenes one ought to think one saw and the sounds one ought to think one heard in a Strauss tone-poem by apologetically hinting that after all it might possibly increase our enjoyment if we just listened to the music.

Naturally I took my glasses off and polished the lenses. But when I put them tremblingly back on my nose, the sentence—slipped surreptitiously in between commas and without so much as a capital letter to its name—was still there. I stole a glance at the man beside me. He was staring at his programme like one who has seen a vision. I looked round the audience. Expressions of half-hesitant hope showed on a hundred faces. And as the conductor's baton tapped its preliminary postman's-knock on the music rack, I closed my eyes with a *nunc dimittis* and heard a thousand simultaneous sighs dissolve into the opening notes of *Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks*. So shines a good deed in this naughty world.

It is a pity that the American publishers of Mr. George Moore's "Hail and Farewell," if they felt obliged to supply a prefatory note of instructions as to what to look and listen for in that composition, should not also have slipped in a hint, however casual and apologetic, that perhaps, after all, it might be as well just to listen to the music, just to give ourselves over receptively to the inspired composer and let him play unhampered upon the chords of our comprehension and the instruments of our imaginations. No doubt there are readers, even now, who will see nothing in this reminiscent narrative except "the author's reminiscences." No doubt there are readers who might never have guessed that the author's friends—Yeats, Edward Martyn, T. P. Gill—who figure in his pages, are not intended only as "personalities," but as "types of human characters." No doubt there are those who would never have suspected the presence of a "philosophy indicated between the lines." But there may be worse losses than these. Many a traveler has missed the beauties of a tropic forest by watching too forewarnedly for monkeys.

But alas, Mr. Moore's American publishers have always assumed toward him something of the proud yet timorous attitude traditionally characteristic of the foster-parental hen that has hatched a duckling. Time was (one still recalls the syncopated edition of "The Memoirs of My Dead Life") when they felt sure that he would drown if let go his own reckless way. He is a trifle reckless here and there in the present volume, but they do not mind that any more. But—he now has his head under water!

"Hail and Farewell" (Appleton, \$1.75) is a delicious Irish symphony in I minor. It is, according to the reader's delicacy of appreciative responsiveness, either a volume of leisurely and pleasurable reminiscence; or the half-plaintive half-humorous account of an Irish exile's rediscovery of Ireland through his traffic with the founders of the Irish theatre; or an exquisite attempt impersonally to express a nation through personal experiences transmuted into literature. But in spite of the fineness of this interpretative attempt, and notwithstanding the advisory emphasis of the Prefatory Note, it is at least doubtful



CONFIDENTIAL BOOK GUIDE

The Fool in Christ, by Gerhart Hauptmann. The remarkable story of a present day German peasant's religious monomania and propagandist career in which one sees the living spirit of Christ emerge from the dogmas of Christianity.

George Bernard Shaw, by Archibald Henderson. In which a mouse has labored and brought forth, not a literary mountain, but a very considerable biographical hill.

The Gods and Mr. Perrin, by Hugh Walpole. The amusing story of a temperamental tempest in a pedagogic tea-pot. An English boarding school tragedy-comedy.

Hail and Farewell, by George Moore. See above.

The Indian Lily, by Hermann Sudermann. Seven versions of the eternal feminine—pursued and pursuing. Dour tales, mostly; but the work of a great diagnostician.

Jennie Gerhart, by Theodore Dreiser. A big novel by the author of "Sister Carrie," a stone which the builders rejected a decade ago.

Laughter, by Henri Bergson. An analytical inquiry into the meaning of the comic conducted by a writer who somehow contrives to remain a man while being a philosopher.

A Likely Story, by William De Morgan. A fictional layer-cake, with ghost-story meringue filling. Excellent for five o'clock tea.

The Log of the Easy Way, by John L. Mathews. The account of a honeymoon drift in a shanty-boat down the Mississippi.

The Man Who Understood Women, by Leonard Merrick. Sixteen short stories about artists and writers that make good reading.

My Story, by Tom L. Johnson. A fine, forceful, simple, unselfconscious book. Commended to all live Americans.

Peter and Wendy, by J. M. Barrie. The story of "Peter Pan," with all the delightful comments that the author had to leave out of the play.

The Playboy of the Western World, by J. M. Synge. See below.

Touring in 1600, by E. S. Bates. Descriptions of travel, travelers, routes, inns and so forth drawn from diaries of the day. A curious and interesting volume.

Travels in the Confederation, 1783-4, by Johann David Schoepf. The journal of a German army surgeon. Voluminous, but often informing.

The Two-Gun Man, by Charles Alden Seltzer. A good Western story, with quick action and characters to take part in it.

whether the rarest achievement of the book and the finest flavor of its art do not lie in the un-selfconscious self-comprehension of the author who, though using himself as the subject of his story, maintains always toward his hero the unbiased attitude of the artist. The present volume is but a third of the projected work; the *Ave of the Latin Ave, Salve, Vale*—Hail and Farewell.

SINCE, quite incidentally, Mr. Moore's book gives us a picture none too flattering or hopeful of the origins of the Abbey Theatre, it is an interesting coincidence that it should have made its New York appearance during the triumphant visit of these same Irish Players from the



THE OLD QUAKER MEETING-HOUSE

Dublin playhouse. And since, in showing us some of the absurdities of the self-conscious Irish renaissance, Mr. Moore frequently exhibits himself and his friends disputing as to the respective literary possibilities of Gaelic which none of them knew, and of the peasant speech which all of them despised, it is interesting to note that the work of the Irish Players has focused attention upon the dramatic writings of J. M. Synge, who has so triumphantly solved their vexed problem. Whether one has seen his "Playboy of the Western World" performed or not, a reading of the book (J. W. Luce, \$1.00) is to be recommended; for, quite apart from the humor and appeal of its outwardly Irish, but basically universal, humanity, the text fairly palpitates and glows with the verbal beauty, the imaginative richness, the poetic content and the racy aptness of a folk-speech which the artist-author has taken as he found it, yet made the perfect vehicle of his intention.

J. B. Kerfoot.

One Saving Grace

OLD Philly, tho' dolts may deride
you,
And envious jest-makers jeer;
Tho' muckrakers rail at and chide you,
And moralists sniff at and sneer;
Tho' they brand you corrupt and decry
you,
Call you vicious and sleepy and
small,—
There's a merit they may not deny
you—
You *can*—play ball!

You *may* be a trifle depressing,
And *just a bit* sober and slow,
And the least mite o'erfond of profes-
sing
Some traits we could wish you'd
forego;
Still, admitting your shameless submis-
sion
To a system that holds you in thrall,
One need not be mathematician
To discern—you *play ball!*

And so, Philly, tho' rudely they taunt
you,
And mock you and knock you and
jest,
Let never a barb of it daunt you,—
We like you, unterrified, best;
You may laugh at their efforts to slate
you,
You may smile at the nicknames they
call,
For, however they try to berate you,—
You *can*—play ball!

Irving Dillon.

What's What in Politics

SOCIALISTS are divorced from the past, estranged from the present and in love with the future. Insurgents are shy of the future and seek to make the present behave like the past. Republicans and Democrats love the past, control the present and ignore the future. The first problem confronting mankind was solved by the Revolutionary War, the last by the Civil War and there's nothing left but to preserve law and order.

• LIFE •

At It Again?



HERE are joyous rumors afloat of plans for another smallpox scare. Are these rumors the advance agents of more compulsory vaccination? Is our Department of Health unaware of the growing revolt against that venerable "preventive"?—a preventive more deadly in its results than smallpox itself.

In this connection the following extracts from a document issued by the Anti-Vaccination League of America may be of interest. This League solemnly declares to the people of America:

That the League has in its possession, and available for use at any convenient time and place, conclusive proof that vaccine virus, which is composed of living disease germs and putrid matter from decayed animal tissue, is, without exception, poisonous to the blood.

That the League has in its possession direct evidence and positive proof that vaccination, besides spreading smallpox, has caused and is now causing a vast number of other diseases of a most serious and often fatal character.

That absolutely indisputable and official evidence exists, which can be produced at any time, proving that vaccination never has prevented the spread of smallpox, but that, on the contrary, the greatest epidemics recorded in history have raged among the vaccinated.

That toleration of vaccination by the people is secured by the deliberate suppression and distortion of facts, and by the continued publication and republication in medical journals and works of statistics apparently favorable to vaccination that have repeatedly been proved to be false and bogus.

That the enforcement of vaccination by law is a violation of civil and natural rights which should not and will not, when the truth is generally known, longer be tolerated in a land of constitutional liberty.

From the Up-to-Date "Britannica"

ADDENDA

PEDESTRIAN—n.—(a) Member of a nearly extinct race—habitat, villages and open country chiefly—driven from the city by the vast inroads of the more powerful and wealthy tribes of Gasolinias, Electricos, Motawcyclos, et al. (b) City version—a very brave, agile person. Occupation—dodging autos, trucks, cars, etc.

TIP—n.—(a) An acute epidemic disease—chronic for people of means—common to Europe and America—confined mostly to warm climates—i. e., to hotels, restaurants, etc.—attacks the rich, and those who think they have symptoms of becoming so—claims its millions of victims yearly—now being investigated by the United Brotherhood of Traveling Salesmen, with the hope of checking its devastations.

ROOSEVELT—common noun—FIRST person—THIRD term—MASCULINE gender—PLURAL number.—(a) Co-discoverer, with W. J. Bryan, of the Laws of Perpetual Candidacy. (b) A close first to George Washington in popu-

larizing the LIE. (c) Inventor of the famous political slogan: "Off again, on again, run again, win again."

PEACE CONFERENCE—n.—(a) A Christian Science term, denoting Absent Treatment practice for Peace. (b) A new and exclusive millionaires' club organized by the Laird of Skibo, famous maker of guns and warships, and other world renowned Soldiers of Fortune tired of the quiet régime at present existing.

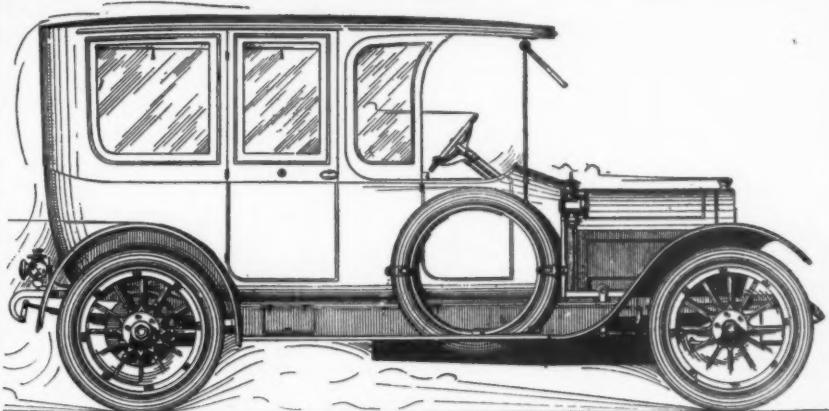
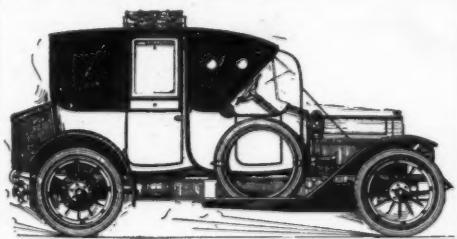
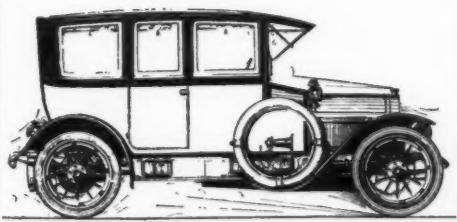
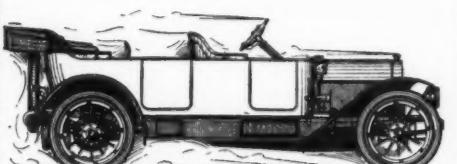
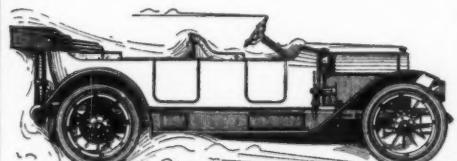
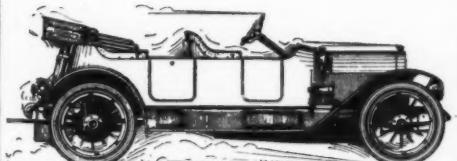
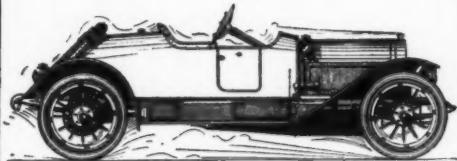
BRYAN, W. J.—pr. n.—(a) An ancient prophet, as usual "without honor among his own people." (b) Author of the catchy epitaph: "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." Unique in that he has practiced what he preached. (c) Some time nicknamed "Poor" Bryan—because the poor we have always with us.

MURDER—common noun—too common—real and attempted.—(a) A sport popular with Americans to-day—for explanations of its 57 varieties, and rules for following same, consult front page of any daily newspaper, where explicit directions will be found. Indulged in by mine and factory owners, armies and other criminals. (b) Part of a chorus girl's education, necessary in attaining artistic fame and fortune.

NEW YORK—(im)proper noun—a disease—epidemic among all United States citizens—chronic with a little over four millions. Symptoms: (a) It generally breaks out in a rash, sporty covering of the body, known as shirts, ties, socks, suits, etc., according to locality. (b) Loss of sleep—an inability to keep good hours. (c) A mania for attending the theatre. (d) A hankering for restaurant foods, and an insatiable thirst, accompanied by a ceaseless drain upon the monetary resources. NOTE: Diagnosed by physicians generally as incurable.



"HI THERE! STOP STEALING THAT COAL!"
"THEN PUT THE PRICE WHERE WE CAN BUY IT."



Columbia SILENT KNIGHT

THE COLUMBIA KNIGHT motor possesses every advantage of other types without limitation to qualify its complete success. It has, too, great power and flexibility and that silence which is the absence of noise.

Driving the Columbia Knight adds a new charm to motoring, so smooth and velvety is its running. There is no consciousness of mechanical effort or of the presence of a powerful prime mover.

Here are shown Columbia touring and coach bodies mounted upon Columbia Knight standard chassis.

Careful design and accurate workmanship are evident in every part of the car, whether large or small, and detailed examination of methods of building prove the superlative fitness of the Columbia Knight.

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THE COLUMBIA MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Division of United States Motor Company

17 West 61st Street

New York City





Menu for the Peace Dinner

Oysters on the (Lyddite) shell.
Bullion. Turkey (-Italian) Soup.
Em Broiled Lamb.
Canned Beef à la Armor.
Lettuce (Arbitrate) Salad.
Mineral Water (loo). (Fire) Crackers.
Lady (smith) Fingers.
Pistols and Coffee.
—Sun.

The Celestial Way

In China, when a subscriber rings up the exchange, the operator may be expected to ask:

"What number does the honorable son of the moon and stars desire?"

"Hohi, two-three."

Silence. Then the exchange resumes:

"Will the honorable person graciously forgive the inadequacy of the insignificant service, and permit this humble slave of the wire to inform him that the never-to-be-sufficiently-censured line is busy?"—*Wasp*.



PORTRAIT OF A SPIRITUALIST WHO HAS LOST HER "CONTROL"

Ready Repartee

Martin Littleton, the Congressman from the Oyster Bay District, says he crossed from Europe last summer with two Englishmen of a serious and conservative turn of mind. Though they shared the same stateroom, had seats at the same table and sat side by side in their deck-chairs, neither spoke to the other—they hadn't been introduced. Finally, though, on the last day, when the shores of New York loomed dead ahead and the pilot was coming out to take the liner in, one of them decided the time had come to waive conventionalities and get acquainted with his fellow countryman.

They were lounging side by side on the rail. The one with the more initiative thought out a timely introductory remark and said:

"Hem! Goin' over?"

"Yas; rather thought I would," said the second Englishman. "Are you?"

—*Saturday Evening Post*.

A Hint

STAYLATE (at 11.30 p.m.): If there is anything I dislike it's catching trains.

MISS KEEN: I notice you keep putting it off.—*Boston Transcript*.

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"GREEN STRIPE"

EDINBURGH

G. S. NICHOLAS & CO.
NEW YORK, SOLE AGENTS

Mellow as Moonlight

CASCADE

PURE WHISKY



Original bottling has old gold label
Geo. A. Dickel & Co. Distillers
Nashville Tenn.



The truck illustrated above is
one of five Alcos in the service of
Joseph Stern & Sons, New York City

ALCO

Motor Trucks

What Do Your Horses Cost?

A Scientific Cost Analysis May Save You Annually From 15 to 40 Per Cent

THREE are 30,000,000 horses in use in the United States, representing in money value something like \$3,000,000,000. Few owners know what their horses are costing them—probably less than one per cent of horse owners know.

In other departments of a company's business costs are known to a penny—manufacturing costs, selling costs, and so on.

Should not horse costs be known?

The possible saving may run all the way from 15 to 40 per cent.

The way to find out is to put expert transportation cost accountants to work.

The best of them, as every one in the business knows, is Wm. P. Kennedy.

Mr. Kennedy is head of the new

Transportation Cost Bureau of the American Locomotive Company, motor truck department. He has a corps of assistants—cost accountants, transportation engineers, expert horse men.

This Bureau will *blue print* your horse transportation system—*without cost to you*. It will supply you with facts and figures. It will tell you how much your horses are actually costing you.

It will diagram your routes, time schedule the movements of your wagons, record how much time each day your horses are standing still, figure out the average life of them, and so on.

On your desk it will place a *picture* of your whole horse system. At a glance you will see your horse

situation. The figures will tell their own unvarnished story.

This Bureau will go further. It will determine if you can use motor trucks profitably. It will operate motor trucks in your service, re-route your hauls, eliminate waste of time loading and unloading. It will improve your method of handling merchandise or freight.

It will *chart* your transportation system with motor equipment.

In one composite picture, this bureau will display before you the saving of motor over horses—in dollars and cents—in figures and facts.

If you are interested in an analysis of your transportation system—no matter how large or how small it may be—write today for information.

The service rendered by this bureau is without charge to you.

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Builders also of Alco 6-cylinder and 4-cylinder Motor Cars and Alco Taxicabs

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Capital, \$50,000,000

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NEW YORK

HENRY B. STOKES, - President

Total Payments to Policyholders Since Organization Plus the Amount Now Held For Their Benefit

\$90,188,804.12

ADMITTED ASSETS JANUARY 1st, 1912

Bonds and Stocks owned by the Company	\$3,719,171.00
Bonds and Mortgages, first lien (Fire Insurance on same)	7,931,690.71
Real Estate owned by the Company	5,817,959.00
Loans and Liens on Policies in force	3,733,379.17
Cash in Bank and on hand	323,157.89
Net Deferred Premiums and Premiums in course of collection	167,859.24
Interest and Rents due and accrued, and all other assets	289,886.53
		\$21,983,103.54

LIABILITIES

Policy Reserve (as computed by the New York Insurance Department)	\$19,156,577.00
All other liabilities	462,289.87

AMOUNT TO PROVIDE FOR ANY POSSIBLE DEPRECIATION OR OTHER LIABILITY

LIABILITY

AMOUNT HELD, SUBJECT TO CONTINGENCIES, FOR SURVIVORSHIP DIVIDEND POLICIES	25,000.00
CONTINGENT RESERVE FUND	\$1,711,272.64 } 2,339,236.67
		627,964.03 } \$21,983,103.54

Total Insurance in Force \$68,630,595.00

Total Policy Reserve \$19,156,577.00

Paid Policy-Holders During 1911, \$2,187,362.68

Total Assets \$21,983,103.54

Excess Assets Over Liabilities \$2,339,236.67

Signs of the Times

Placard at a moving picture show: "Young children must have parents."

In a barber's shop window: "During alterations patrons will be shaved in the back."

Sign in a Tremont street store: "Empty boxes—suitable for Christmas gifts."

In a tailor's shop: "We dye for others, why not let us dye for you?"

In a clothing store: "These pants will look better on your legs than on our hands."

A silversmith has a place next door to a restaurant. The former having put up a placard: "Jewelry of all kinds plated," the restaurant keeper followed with this: "Oysters and Little Neck clams plated."

—Boston Transcript.

Sufficient Reason for Refusal

CLERK: I'm afraid I can't let you have that drug, sir.

CUSTOMER: Why not? Do I look like a man who would kill himself?

CLERK: Well, I wouldn't go so far as to say that, sir; but if I looked like you I should be tempted.

—Boston Transcript.

Papa's Job

"What is Billy Hardatin doing these days?" asked Smithers.

"Oh, he's working his son's way through college," said little Binks.

—Harper's Weekly.

BIGGS: My half-brother is engaged to my wife's half-sister.

DIGGS: When will they be made one?

—Boston Transcript.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cents per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles



The Whiskey in the Non-Refillable Bottle

—taken with some good mineral water is a stimulant of rare wholesomeness. The whiskey we refer to is "Watchman"—one whose excellence is so remarkable by comparison with other good brands that it has been *insured*. This insurance takes the form of a Non-refillable, *tamper-proof* bottle. Ask for it—you'll be well repaid.

"Ye Olde

Watchman Whiskey

(In Non-refillable Bottles)

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.



WALL STREET NOTE. THE CLOSING WAS FIRM.

Caroni Bitters—Unequalled for flavoring sliced Fruits, Ices, and Jellies. Sample on receipt of 25 cents. Oct. C. Blache & Co., 78 Broad St., N. Y. Gen'l Dist'r.

In Your Heart You Know that You Are Not Giving Your Body a Square Deal

I KNOW the reasons which keep back any man from giving his body the exercise demanded by good health and common sense. They are just three:

One is sheer lack of will power to force the body to do anything.

Another is the lack of knowledge as to just what forms of exercise are best.

The third is the notion that you don't need any exercise. This condition is typical of the man of sedentary habits.

Which is YOUR reason?

I can practically rebuild the man who, for the first two reasons, is letting his physical condition go to pot. And I can do the same for the man in the third case, if he will stir himself enough to acknowledge his physical flabbiness.



The Thompson Course

will take one of you men whose bodies respond only sluggishly to the commands of your mind, and will force mind and body to co-ordinate—to work in harmony. This will enable you to control not only your own body, but will give you a personality that, instead of bending to others, will sway them your way.

It is not the purpose of the Thompson Course to build big, useless surface muscles. The Thompson Course builds strong, hardy, clean internal organs—and these bring power, health, reserve energy and longevity for the man or woman who enjoys their possession.

If the day's work fags you,—

If an ill-chosen meal upsets your digestion,—

If a sleepless night spoils the next day—then you are not normal, but are below par, unnecessarily, yes and shamefully.

You were given a body that had an abundant reserve fund of energy to draw upon in just such hours of need.

The Thompson Course of Exercise is a rational, pleasant and easy means of securing and maintaining

that reserve power which your body originally had.

My Course is different from any other in that it benefits (by natural movements scientifically applied) the *dynamos* of the bodily machine, i. e., the lungs, heart, stomach, intestines, etc. All these are muscular and can be strengthened by proper exercise. Yet, as far as I can learn, until my Course was evolved, no systematic treatment existed that was based on this axiomatically natural method.

The clearness of your mind, the strength of your nerves, your hopefulness and joy in living, all depend on the tone and vigor of your vital organs.

I offer you something that will benefit every inch of your body and mind through every minute of your life, and I offer it on free-trial-terms that make it impossible for you to lose a penny.

Read in my book, "Human Energy," how in a few minutes of easy movements each day you can make yourself an example of real health and abounding energy. Send for "Human Energy," free and post-paid.

Suite 97, Exchange Bldg.
Worcester, Mass.

J. Edmund Thompson

life offers him of grotesque. His motives are exclusively good, his intentions also. He does not indulge in satire or irony, he penetrates and pardons." Mark Twain offers the purest conception of humor of this sort.

—*Manchester Guardian.*

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Smith told us, "my husband is an enthusiastic archaeologist. And I never knew it till yesterday. I found in his desk some queer-looking tickets with the inscription, 'Sphinx 8 to 1.' And when I asked him what they were he explained to me they were relics of a lost race. Isn't it interesting?"

—*Modern Society.*

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A Great Opportunity!

We are offering, for a limited time, a complete course in show card and sign writing to those purchasing a trial assortment of our **"Litholia" Ready-to-Use Colors**.

This is a great opportunity for ambitious persons, either sex, to increase their earning capacity. Good show card writers in demand get to go weekly, salary or in business for yourself. Our show card course is not a *book of alphabets*. It's a complete course in lettering and design, taught by New York show card artist for us. **"Litholia"** is the only liquid water paint ever manufactured. **"Litholia"** is pigment colors, used the same as cake dyes or tube colors, but far superior to either. **"Litholia"** lasts longer, always ready. Nothing to equal **"Litholia"** for the show card writer, the artist, or the interior decorator. Don't miss this offer!

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Pictures 200 all types and sizes. For sale
and charter. Sent gratis.
STANLEY M. SEAMAN
Yacht Broker, Suite B, 220 Broadway, N.Y.

Definitions of Humor

M. Maurice Dekobra has been applying to some of the leading comic writers in Europe for a definition of humor, and the article into which he has woven their replies makes entertaining reading in the number of *La Revue* for the first half of the month. Of course, none of the definitions is satisfactory. Humor is too elusive and subtle a spirit for definition, and is not to be caught, even as the soul of Onuphrius was by the magi, "between two brushes." Some of the writers accordingly fall back upon describing the humorist, and, even so, it is apparent that there are two different conceptions of humor in their minds. One set of writers is for limiting it to its manifestations in irony and satire, the other would limit it to what is called "pure humor." Thus M. Dekobra warns us that the humorist is not a mere "funny man"; "he is a sage who consciously sets himself to destroy our illusions, having first dispelled his own, and who, to prove the relativity of all things, saddens our gaiety and enlivens our sadness." Mr. Courtney distinguishes wit, as the effervescence of a light character, from humor, which belongs "to a more morose and sometimes a deeper temperament," and is often only the manifestation of a high-strung sensibility. On the other hand, a Swedish contributor says: "The humorist is always contented with existence; he cannot therefore be a pessimist. He smiles benevolently at all that

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SANITARY GOODS

The celebrated **Jaeger Underwear** is suitable alike for men, women and children, and for all conditions of health and occupation. Recommended by the Medical profession everywhere.

Explanatory catalogue and samples free on request

Dr. Jaeger's S. W. S. Co.'s Own Stores
New York: 806 Fifth Ave., 22 Madison Lane, Brooklyn: 504 Fulton St.; Boston: 228 Boylston St.; Philadelphia: 1516 Chestnut St.; Chicago: 126 N. State St.
Agents in all Principal Cities.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
MADE AT KEY WEST



From an Anti-Spanker

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

DEAR SIR.—LIFE prints pictures of animals in pain and makes the pictures and legends teach the rights of animals. Good.

LIFE would not print a picture of a horse being beaten or a dog being kicked and *use it for a joke*. Good.

LIFE does, however, print pictures of children being spanked—not to teach the rights of children, but to make a *laugh*. Spanking is not funny.

You receive bushels of letters. Please think about this one.

Page 1081, December 14, and page 1142, December 21, are not funny. The "comic" supplements use similar pictures. We expect more of LIFE.

If you showed a picture of a spanked child, and then another of a parent spanked by a giant of proportionate size, your point would be good, though not funny even then.

Some of us can't see fun in blows struck by powerful animals against weak ones.

Yours respectfully,
ALICE PARK.

PALO ALTO, CAL.,
December 27, 1911.

Fasting and Prayer

EDITOR OF LIFE:

SIR.—There was recently held at the Hotel Astor a dinner given by the committee having in charge the New York end of the Religious Forward Movement. To see men sitting down amidst the seductive surroundings of that hostelry eating the tempting food and smoking good Havanas preparatory to going forth to evangelize the churchless of "Gay Gotham" is solemnly amusing. Imagine the Christ and His Apostles and Disciples sitting down to a spread that would tickle the palate of the most fastidious bon vivant previous to administering their teachings to the masses. This Forward Movement will end just where all revivals end—in a bubble.

Very truly yours,
J. S. HAMILTON.

NEWARK, N. J.,
January 4, 1912.

Some Figures

EDITOR LIFE:

I am not a constant reader of LIFE, but from the issue of November 2 I take it you have been saying things condemnatory of vaccination. Have you ever taken the trouble to read one of the authorized medical text-books on the question? If the recognized medical authorities are not the best judges, then who is? Read this, taken from one of the best text-books I, as a medical man, know of—Gibson's "Handbook of Medicine," a standard book in England: "In the Middle Ages the death toll of smallpox could be counted by millions. Before the introduction of vaccine, just a century ago, the annual mortality from the disease in England and Wales was at the rate of 3,000 in *every million* of the population. In 1890 smallpox caused only fifteen deaths in England; and the average annual number of deaths from this disease in the ten years 1881-1890 was 1227.8—*i. e.*, only one-seventieth part of the death rate of pre-vaccination times. Thus great has been the boon conferred upon mankind by the discovery of Jenner." And this makes no

account of the scarred faces and bodies of those who recovered. Are you willing to go back to pre-vaccination conditions? Even if you are your readers are entitled to the privilege of seeing these figures. You might set opposite them any figures you may have on the mortality of vaccination. Your readers can then choose which disease is preferable, for all have the choice.

Yours truly,
W. A. GROVES.
RIDGETOWN, ONT.,
November 5, 1911.

From the State of Equal Rights

CUT THIS OUT

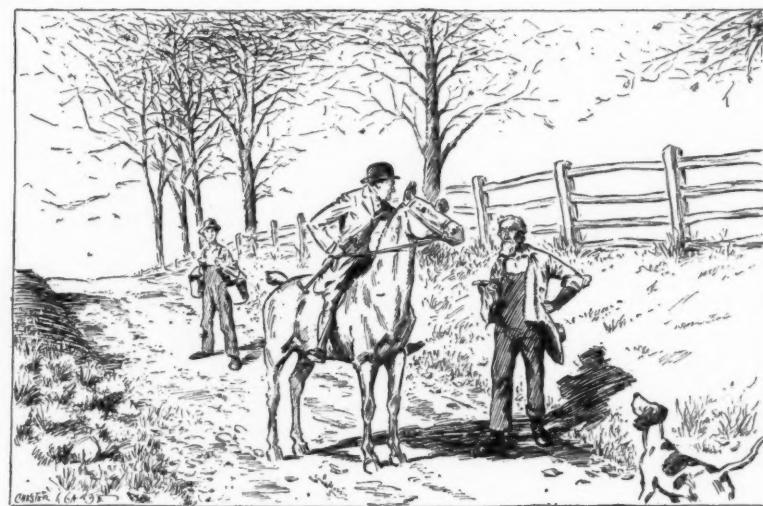
Anyone presenting this coupon to Mrs. Evelyn Del Mar, 2101 E. First st., will be given free care for a child that the mother may be free to do campaign work. The care will be given either by the hour or day.

DEAR LIFE:

Suffragettes contend, I believe, that their entering political activity causes them in no way whatever to neglect their children or home duties.

Without passing opinion, I merely send you enclosed clipping (reprinted above) taken from a Los Angeles paper of recent date.

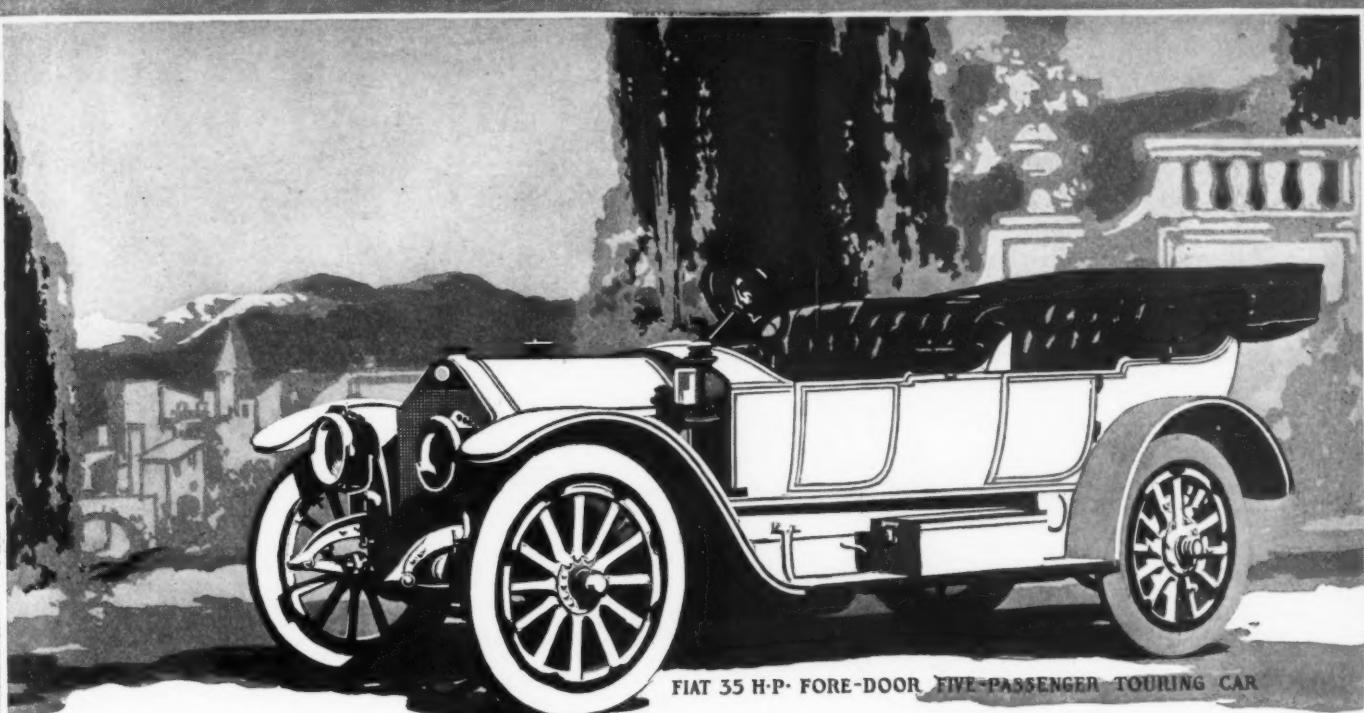
Yours, L. L. B.



"SEE HERE, YOU OLD RASCAL, WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME

THIS HORSE WAS LAME BEFORE I BOUGHT HIM?"

"WAL, THE FELLER THAT SOLD HIM TO ME DIDN'T SAY
NOTHIN' ABOUT IT, SO I THOUGHT IT WAS A SECRET."



The
Master Car

FIAT

Fifteenth
Year

IN the world-famous Fiat engineering the solution of every problem, from the least to the most important, is reduced to a matter of exact science. No detail, however small, is left to chance in the process of manufacture.

The simple, silent, powerful long stroke Fiat 35 H. P. motor is a splendid example of exclusive Fiat genius. The four cylinders are cast en bloc, each having a bore of 4-2/5 inches and a stroke of 6 inches.

Working parts are completely enclosed, bringing absolute protection from dust and dirt. The special Fiat radiator, suspended on patented trunnions, to prevent racking, is another point of Fiat motor superiority.

Catalog H, with the New 6-cylinder Folder, explains every detail of Fiat design and construction. Please address the Sales Department when writing.

Poughkeepsie

F·I·A·T

New York

"Fiat Representation and Fiat Service Are World-Wide"



Benjamin Franklin

LL.D., Ph.G., F.R.S., Etc.

It is considered advisable by the historian at this time to say a word regarding Dr. Franklin, our fellow-townsman, and a journalist who was the Charles A. Dana of his time.

Franklin's memory will remain green when the names of the millionaires of to-day are forgotten. Coextensive with the name of E. Rosewater of the *Omaha Bee*, we will find that of Benjamin Franklin, whose bust sits above the fireplace of the writer at this moment, while a large Etruscan hornet is making a phenological examination of same.

But let us proceed to more fully mark out the life and labors of this remarkable man.

Benjamin Franklin, formerly of Boston, came very near being an only child. If seventeen children had not come to bless the home of Benjamin's parents they would have been childless. Think of getting up in the morning and picking out your shoes and stockings from among seventeen pairs of them!

Imagine yourself a child, gentle reader, in a family where you would be called upon every morning to select your own cud of spruce gum from a collection of seventeen similar cuds stuck on a window-sill! And yet Benjamin Franklin never murmured or repined. He desired to go to sea and to avoid this he was apprenticed to his brother James, who was a printer.

It is said that Franklin at once took hold of the great Archimedean lever, and jerked it early and late in the interests of freedom.

It is claimed that Franklin, at this time, invented the deadly weapon known as the printer's towel. He found that a common crash towel could be saturated with glue, molasses, antimony, concentrated lye, and roller-composition, and that after a few years of time and perspiration it would harden so that "A Constant Reader" or "Veritas" could be stabbed with it and die soon.

Many believe that Franklin's other scientific experiments were productive of more lasting benefit to mankind than this, but I do not agree with them.

Moth-Proof Cedar Chest

Freight
Prepaid
15 Days'
Free
Trial
44 in. long
20 in. wide
21 in. high



Order Now!

This elegant copper-bound Piedmont Southern Red Cedar Chest. Beautiful, ornamental, useful, valuable. Perfect Storage for lace, furs, blankets, waddens, etc. Mouse, Moth, Dust and Damp Proof. A delightful wedding or birthday gift which combines beauty and real utility. Send for illustrated catalog showing all styles of beds, Chiffoniers, ardroie Couches, and interesting booklet, "The Story of Red Cedar." All goods sold direct from factory AT FACTORY PRICES. FREIGHT PREPAID. 15 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO., Dept. 16, Statesville, N.C.

Where do men of affairs turn when they want the best that literature, art and science offers?

Where does the housewife turn when she wants to purchase quality merchandise for her home?

Where do parents turn when they want to locate their children in the highest grade schools?

Where is the best place to tell the story of your product if you want to reach consumers who respond to the best-is-the-cheapest argument—who can afford to buy anything from books to the highest price automobile?

Harper's Magazine

His paper was called the New England *Courant*. It was edited jointly by James and Benjamin Franklin, and was started to supply a long-felt want.

Benjamin edited it a part of the time and James a part of the time. The idea of having two editors was not for the purpose of giving volume to the editorial page, but it was necessary for one to run the paper while the other was in jail.

In those days you could not sass the king, and then, when the king came into the office the next day and stopped his paper and took out his ad, put it off on "our informant" and go right along with the paper. You had to go to jail, while your subscribers wondered why their paper did not come, and the paste soured in the tin dippers in the sanctum and the circus passed by on the other side.

How many of us to-day, fellow journalists, would be willing to stay in jail while the lawn festival and the kangaroo came and went? Who of all our company would go to a prison cell for the cause of freedom while a double-column ad of sixteen aggregated circuses and eleven congresses of ferocious beasts, fierce and fragrant from their native lairs, went by us?

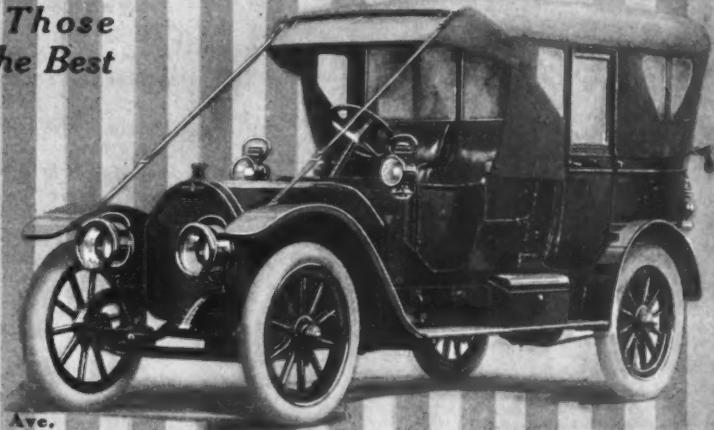
At the age of seventeen Ben got disgusted with his brother and went to Philadelphia and New York, where he got a chance to "sub" for a few weeks and then got a regular "sit."

Franklin was a good printer and finally got to be a foreman. He made an

Matheson "Silent Six."

A tried and proven chassis of remarkable workmanship. Bodies by Brewster and Quinby, the latest and most luxurious examples of the art.

Built for Those Who Use the Best



Matheson
Automobile
Company
Wilkes-Barre, Penn.

New York Salesrooms
B'way at 62nd St.

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Milo
The
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AROMATIC DELICACY
MILDNESS
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At your club or dealer's
THE SURBRUG CO., Makers, New York

**UNDERGROUND
GARBAGE RECEIVER**
NO FREEZING.
NO LITTER.
NO ODOR.
Opens with the foot; closes itself. Clean and sanitary.
Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
C. H. STEPHENSON, Mfr., 46 Farrar Street, Lynn, Mass.

excellent foreman, sitting by the hour in the composing room and spitting on the stove, while he cussed the make-up and presswork of the other papers. Then he would go into the editorial rooms and scare the editors to death with a wild shriek for more copy.

He knew just how to conduct himself as a foreman so that strangers would think he owned the paper.

In 1730, at the age of twenty-four, Franklin married, and established the *Pennsylvania Gazette*. He was then re-

garded as a great man and almost every one took his paper.

Franklin grew to be a great journalist and spelled words with great fluency. He never tried to be a humorist in any of his newspaper work and everybody respected him.

Along about 1746 he began to study the habits and construction of lightning and inserted a local in his paper in which he said that he would be obliged to any of his readers who might notice any new or odd specimens of

Statement of Condition

on December 21st, 1911

Resources

Bonds and Mortgages, -	\$ 110,000.00
N. Y. State and City Bonds, -	1,502,102.34
Other Stocks and Bonds, -	5,985,508.70
Time Loans, -	3,667,083.19
Bills Purchased, -	1,952,642.30
Demand Loans, -	3,151,482.20
Accrued Interest Receivable,	148,314.53
Cash in Vault and Banks, -	5,295,956.59
	\$21,813,089.85

Liabilities

Capital, -	\$1,250,000.00
Surplus, -	500,000.00
Earnings Undivided, -	639,393.68
Accrued Interest Payable, -	190,159.06
Deposits, -	19,233,537.11
	\$21,813,089.85

Directors

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lightning, if they would send them in to the *Gazette* office for examination.

Every time there was a thunderstorm Franklin would tell the foreman to edit the paper, and, armed with a string and an old door key, he would go out on the hills and get enough lightning for a mess.

In 1753 Franklin was made postmaster of the Colonies. He made a good Postmaster-General, and people say there were fewer mistakes in distributing their mail then than there have ever been since. If a man mailed a letter in those days, old Ben Franklin saw that it went to where it was addressed.

Franklin frequently went over to England in those days, partly on business and partly to shock the king. He liked to go to the castle with his breeches tucked into his boots, figuratively speaking, and attract a great deal of attention.

It looked odd to the English, of course, to see him come into the royal presence, and, leaning his wet umbrella up against the throne, ask the king, "How's trade?"

Franklin never put on any frills, but he was not afraid of a crowned head. He used to say, frequently, that a king to him was no more than a seven-spot.

He did his best to prevent the Revolu-

tionary War, but he couldn't do it. Patrick Henry had said that the war was inevitable and had given it permission to come and it came.

He also went to Paris and got acquainted with a few crowned heads there. They thought a good deal of him in Paris and offered him a corner lot if he would build there and start a paper. They also promised him the county printing, but he said no, he would have to go back to America or his wife might get uneasy about him. Franklin wrote "Poor Richard's Almanac" in 1732 to 1757, and it was republished in England.

Franklin little thought when he went to the throne room in his leather riding clothes and hung his hat on the throne that he was inaugurating a custom of wearing groom clothes which would in these days be so popular among the English.

Dr. Franklin entered Philadelphia eating a loaf of bread and carrying a loaf under each arm, passing beneath the window of the girl to whom he afterwards gave his hand in marriage.

Nearly everybody in America, except Dr. Mary Walker, was once a poor boy.

—From *Bill Nye's History of the United States*.



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"Marriage," said a negro preacher, addressing his congregation, "is a mighty serious affair, specially fur de man. Dar was Peter an' John. Da wasn't marryin' men. Peter wouldn't hab married de daughter ob de gubner, an' John he wouldn't hab jined han's wid de prosecutin' 'turney's arnly chile. Dem men was smart, lemme tell yer. Day had hoss sense. Look at all de big men in de Bible what did not get married. Samson, he got married, an' his ole wife paralyzed him. Then Job he got married, an' dinged if de 'oman didn't want him ter cuss God an' die. She didn't care so much 'bout him cussin' God; de dying part was what she was arter. She was a bad 'oman an' would hab got any man inter trouble. Yer all know de story ob Adam. S'pozen he hadn't got married. He'd er done well, lemme tell yer. It was marryin' dat broke him up in business. I might go on dis way citin' facts till your ha'r would turn white, an' still you young folks would keep on a tinkin' 'bout gettin' married. Yer's got de notion in yer head, somehow, an' no amount ob reason will get it out." Just then the old man's wife entered the church. "Yas," he continued, "as I was saying, there is nothin' like marryin' a good 'oman. Ef I had neber married but onct an' had happened to catch her first



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my happiness in dis life would have been as eternal as the flowin' of the spring er de glorious rising ob de sun. I'se in favor ob marriage, I is, an' when Paul says, 'He what marries does well,' right dar I agrees wid him."

"Hole on dar," exclaimed the old man's wife. "A pusson come up ter de house jes now an' said dat yer was down heah ginnin' me a mighty blast afore all dese people."

"Dat am de wust fabrication, chile, what I eber hearn. I'se been standin' here complimentin' yer fur de las' fifteen minutes, an' I'se sorry now dat yer

wan't here. It would hab done yer good. Yes, bredren, if Samson had married de right 'oman he might had been libin' till yet an' enjoyin' hisse'f on de fat ob de lan'. An' dar's Job. Ef he had married a good 'oman, like my wife, fur instance, she wouldn't had 'vised him ter cuss God, but—" His wife stepped from the door, and the old man, observing the movement, continued: "She would have hustled him outen de bed an' made him chop wood an' fetch water. As I'se got ter go now an' watch dat smokehouse, de congregation will be dismissed."—Arkansas Traveler.



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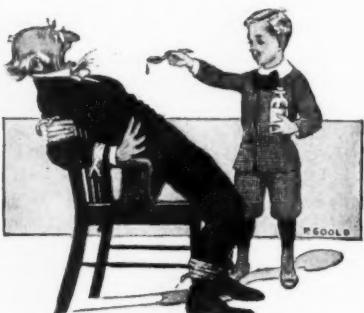
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When a Woman Packs

"Margie, won't you come up and see me to-morrow morning? I'm going to Philadelphia on the noon train, to stay for a week, and I want to have a nice talk with you before I go. . . . Oh, no, you won't be in the way. I'm going to do my packing this evening, and I won't have a thing to do to-morrow morning. There's no trouble, anyway, about packing for such a short, little visit as that. I'm not going to take much, because you know Polly's in mourning, so we won't be going out."

(The next morning, the friend entering at ten o'clock, finds the bedroom a scene of confusion. An empty trunk stands before the fireplace, the tray on the floor beside it. An open suitcase—also empty—is on a chair. The bed is piled high with things waiting to be packed.)

"Oh, hello, Margie dear! You see I'm not packed yet! . . . Oh, the expressman isn't coming till eleven. I have an hour—that's plenty of time. . . . Oh, that's awfully sweet of you, but I really don't need any help. Why don't you just sit in that chair—(oh, throw those things anywhere!)—and talk to me? . . . Well, all right, if you really *want* to—I *would* love it if you'd fold that low-necked black dress for me. It's the only decent rag I've got. . . . Why, but I *might* need it. . . . I know, but even people in mourning sometimes have one or two people in to dinner. . . . Oh, no,

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—Philadelphia Press.

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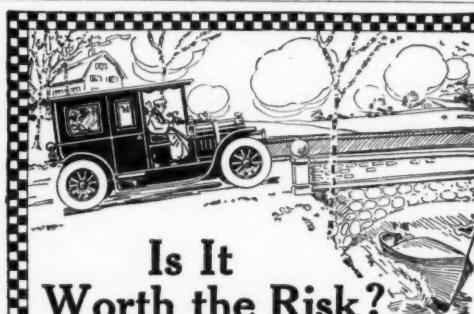
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that old gray thing wouldn't do at all. . . . Why do I take it, then? Well, it might come in handy some time.

"Oh, dear, I meant to put my shoes in the bottom of the trunk. Don't you hate packing shoes? I wish I had time just to stop a minute and think which I'll really *need* there. Oh, they may as well all go in!"

"As for hats—I *wanted* to wear my little fur hat on the train, but I suppose I'd better wear the big black one that I hate so and pack the little fur hat—it's so easy to get into the trunk. And that doesn't settle what to do with my green hat. . . . *What!* leave it *behind*? My lovely new hat that I've not



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worn three times? Not for a hundred dollars! . . . Oh, no, I couldn't do that. I'll surely need the black hat for something. I must take it—worse luck! Well, I'll just have to pack my green hat here and you see it fills up the entire tray! How stupid of me not to have taken a bigger trunk! Do you think I'd have time to change now? . . . What? Twenty minutes of eleven? Why, how can it be? Oh, I am glad you're here to help me! I'd never have managed—oh, thank you, you dear thing; how beautifully you folded them!

"I can't make room for these boots! I guess I'll have to carry them in my suitcase.

"Now I think I'm all—oh, I forgot! I meant to take some music. I'll dash downstairs and pick out what I want. And if you'll just be wrapping up those photographs for me! . . . Oh, I always take some pictures—it makes my room look so homelike. . . . Yes, I know the frames are rather heavy, but—No, Annie, I cannot go to the telephone. Tell her I'm very busy—tell her I'm just catching a train. I'll call her up when I'm home again. Oh, isn't a telephone a nuisance?"

"There's the music! Of course I ought to have put it in the bottom of the trunk, but it's too late now. . . . Yes, it will get creased there, but I can't help it.

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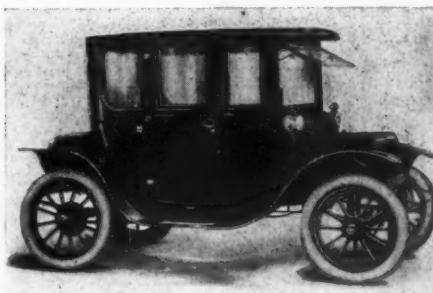
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"There's no use trying—I'd like to get that dressing gown in, but it'll have to go in the suit case.

"Oh—my coat-hangers! I forgot them. . . . Yes, but if you leave them home and think you'll find some in the guest room, you never do.

"THE EXPRESSMAN HERE? Why, it can't be time! Well, he'll just have to wait a minute. . . . Oh, only a minute! Margie, throw me that manicure case, will you? Oh, these hideous coat-hangers!"

"There, he can come in.

"Oh, surely you can get it shut! Push the tray down at that end. Now it will go. . . . It won't? Oh, well, I'll have to take some things out—that's all! Help me take the tray up, will you, please?"

"There!" (Throws the coat-hangers savagely on the floor. Now the trunk, with much exertion on the part of the expressman, can be closed, and it is locked, strapped and carried from the room.)

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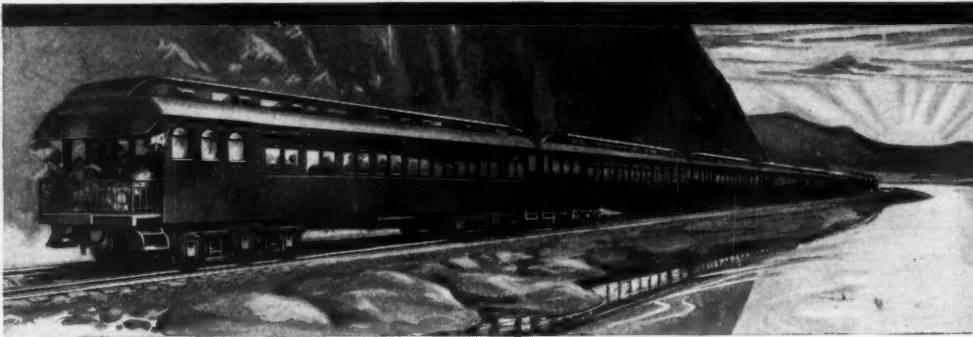
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"Well, that's over, thank goodness! Oh, I forgot to pack my skates. They'll have to go in my suitcase. My dear, will you look at the quantity of things I've got to get into that suitcase? I don't believe I ever can!"

"Well, I'll get dressed before I try to do anything about that."

"OH, MARGIE, I'VE PACKED THE BLOUSE I WAS SAVING TO WEAR ON THE TRAIN!"

A. F. S.

SHE had just finished reading Edward Everett Hale's "The Man Without a Country," and as she laid it down she sighed and said:

"I cannot imagine anything worse than a man without a country."

"Oh, I can," said her friend.

"Why, what?"

"A country without a man."

—Ladies' Home Journal.



"WHOA! BACK UP! ER—PUSSY, PUSSY—ER—GO HOME, FIDO!"

Not Property Thunder

Even the greatest actor-managers do not know all there is to be known about stagecraft, to judge from a curious story concerning Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree.

It appears that at the rehearsal of a certain play at His Majesty's Theatre a wonderful climax had been reached, which was to be heightened by the effective use of the usual thunder and lightning. The stage carpenter was given the order. The words were spoken, and instantly a noise which resembled a succession of pistol shots was heard off the wings.

"What on earth are you doing, man?" shouted Sir Herbert, rushing behind the scenes. "Do you call that thunder? It's not a bit like it."

"Awfully sorry, sir," responded the carpenter; "but the fact is, sir, I couldn't hear you because of the storm. That was real thunder, sir!"

—London Times.

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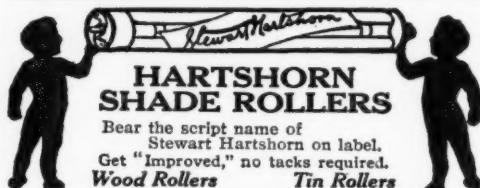
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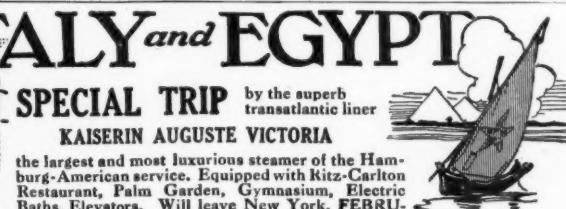
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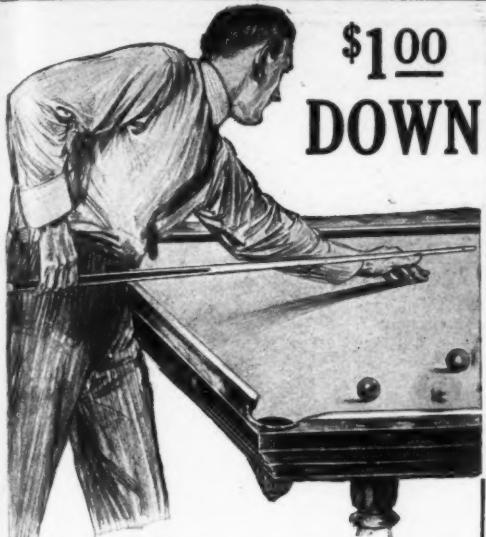
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Rhymed Reviews

Lalage's Lovers

(By George A. Birmingham. George H. Doran Company)

Dear Lalage was wont to sport,
Where Liffey runs or flows the
Shannon,
A lovely maid of good report—
(A pun; her father was a Canon).

She had a will; she had her way;
She had the most sublime intentions;
As no one dared to say her nay,
She lightly danced on all conventions.

In college halls she laid a plot
To lampoon sundry noble bishops
For preaching Utter Tommy Rot;
And—talk about your bulls in dish-shops!

She libelled bishops twenty-three,
And set the whole of Ireland shouting;
But since 'twould hardly do, you see,
To leave a lot of bishops pouting,

The Faculty suppressed her sheet;
Yet up she bobbed with colors flying
To try a real Rooseveltian feat—
To stop the Spread of Public Lying.

Three candidates for Parliament
Were making pre-election pledges
(And every pledge, of course, was bent
Or slightly frayed about the edges),

When Lalage appeared, like Fate,
And all the fat was in the fire.
She proved that every candidate
Was just a monumental liar.

The people followed thick and fast,
They cheered her on with true affection,
And scarcely any votes were cast;
She nearly spoiled the whole election.

So, long before the tale is done,
The reader joyfully discovers
Therein a rippling stream of fun
With precious little talk of "lovers."

The author doesn't scourge the Just—
He raps them gently on the knuckles.
What, read it? Ah, be sure you must!
The end is one long thrill of chuckles.
Arthur Guiterman.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD



Service that Scores.

Service covers a multitude of details. A big bank of capital is the foundation stone. Ability to foresee, skill to adapt turns this capital into utilities for the convenience, comfort and safety of the traveling public. Nothing is done haphazard; it is all worked out from the minutest detail. Within fifteen years the Pennsylvania System has been reconstructed. That means a twentieth century railroad with every facility that money, skill and science can supply. Its construction typifies the ripest work of modern engineers. Its operation is in the hands of men who know their respective section of the line as they know their alphabet.

Given perfect physical conditions, equipment is the next consideration.

Nothing has been skimped here. The Pennsylvania is the first road to adopt and use all-steel equipment from engine to observation platform. The superiority of such cars has been tested as to their security—their easy running qualities are known to travelers.

They are safe and sanitary, their furnishing is complete and the personal attendants are picked people. The limited trains are elongated hotels with all the features of a hotel that can be reproduced in a moving vehicle.

Time was when a long trip was anticipated with anxiety, now it is a distinct pleasure. Even a business trip becomes a holiday jaunt for the nonce.

How This Advertisement of Ainslee's Was Written

¶ A professional ad. writer, after a glance at the humble lines intended for this space, told us we were all wrong.

¶ "Cut out this stuff about 'entertainment,'" he told us. "'Ainslee's' is the most entertaining magazine on the market, but there wouldn't be anything to prevent your saying so even if it wasn't. Now, let's take this February number. What's your big feature? The complete novel? Who's it by? Gerald Villiers-Stuart? Who's he?"

¶ We explained that at present he was better known in England than in this country, but that—

¶ "Then put him and his story down in big display type," our friend commanded. We hasten to obey:

THE HOARDED MEMORY

A Complete Novel by

GERALD VILLIERS-STUART

¶ "Fine! Now, who have you got who is well known in this country?"

¶ We mentioned Burton E. Stevenson, Margaretta Tuttle, Herman Whitaker, Owen Oliver, Mrs. Wilson Woodrow, F. Berkeley Smith and half a dozen others who contribute unusually entertaining stories.

¶ "Put 'em all down in small type."

¶ We seem to have done so.

¶ "Catch the idea?" our friend asked when we had finished. "You'll get the public dying with curiosity to see what can possibly be worth putting in bigger type than those other names."

¶ We hope our friend is right, for we are anxious to have you read this February number of

AINSLEE'S

Sold wherever magazines are read—Read wherever magazines are sold

Fifteen Cents the Copy

Books Received

Joys of the Road, by W. R. B. Browne's Book Store, Chicago, Ill. \$1.00.

A Little Pilgrimage in Italy, by Olive M. Potter. (Houghton Mifflin Co. \$4.00.)

A Winter Sport Book, by Reginald Cleaver. (Adam & Charles Black, London, England. \$1.50.)

The American People, by A. Maurice Low. (Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.25.)

The True Daniel Webster, by Sydney George Fisher. (J. B. Lippincott Co. \$2.00.)

Average Jones, by Samuel Hopkins Adams. (Bobbs, Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind. \$1.25.)

Helen of Troy, by Sara Teasdale. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.)

The Greatest Street in the World—Broadway, by Stephen Jenkins. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50.)

The Far Triumph, by Elizabeth Dejeans. (J. B. Lippincott Company. \$1.25.)

The Ingoldsby Legends, by Thomas Ingoldsby. (Macmillan & Co., \$2.00.)

The Gods and Mr. Perrin, by Hugh Walpole. (Century Company. \$1.20.)

At the Age of Eve, by Kate Trimble Sharber. (Bobbs, Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind. \$1.25.)

Tom Strong Washington's Scout, by Alfred Bishop Mason. (Henry Holt & Co. \$1.25.)

Potash and Perlmutter, by Montague Glass. (Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.00.)

Wild Oats, by Jas. Oppenheim. (Huebsch, \$1.20.)

The right exhaust horn has now arrived. The horn that is easy to attach and self-clearing; is operated without expense or bother; and produces a characteristic, unobjectionable warning graduated to the speed of your car—mild when that is sufficient, far reaching when necessary—instantaneous in action, always effective.

WAYMAKER HORN

The Waymaker

is right—
equal to any emergency, it solves the problem of automobile signaling. It is made in four sizes to fit all cars from the smallest up to the big "six cylinder." Prices are (foot control) \$6.00, \$7.00, \$8.00 and \$9.00 each, including coupling, cable, pedal, etc., ready to attach. Hand control, from steering wheel, \$4.00 extra. Send for descriptive booklet M. Mention the car you run.

The Waymaker Horn is fully protected from infringement, and is meeting with the endorsement of the best trade everywhere. We can supply you through your dealer, or direct from our agencies in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Detroit, Chicago or St. Louis.

Manufactured by

LEE TIRE &
RUBBER CO.
CONSHOHOCKEN, PA.
J. Ellwood Lee, President

"Turns Miles into Smiles"



For
Travelers
Especially

PRICE
\$6.50

This is the Gillette Safety Razor, Combination Set No. 00, such a popular "edition" that we have almost been unable to keep up with the demand for it during the past year.

Set No. 00 includes Triple Silver Plated Razor; Two Metal Plated Blade Boxes with 12 double-edged Blades; Gillette Shaving Brush and Soap in Silver Plated Cases. Handsome velvet lined Morocco case.

Price, \$6.50.

Tourists, travelers and men who shave at home—all find the Gillette No. 00 the perfect shaving outfit.

Gillette Standard Set, \$5.00. Other Styles, \$6.00 to \$50.00

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO.

NO STROPPING-NO HONING

Standard Set, \$5.00

48 West Second St., Boston, Mass.

Factories and Offices:
New York, Chicago, Montreal, London,
Leicester, Paris, Hamburg, Shanghai.

TRADE Gillette MFG.
KNOWN THE WORLD OVER
King Gillette

Ask your dealer to show
you the Gillette Line.

"If it's a Gillette—
it's The Safety Razor."

Soyer's Paper-Bag Cookery, by Nicholas Soyer. (Sturgis & Walton Company. 65 cents.)

Sable and Purple, with Other Poems, by William Watson. (John Lane Co., \$1.25.)

Account Rendered, by E. F. Benson. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

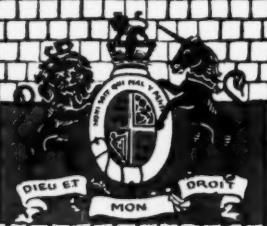
The Poetic New World, by L. H. Humphrey. (Henry Holt & Co.)

Dalton on Auction Bridge. (Cecil & Co., New York.)



PALL MALL

FAMOUS CIGARETTES



A Shilling in London
A Quarter Here